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Class of Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen

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PROF. C. W. BOUCHER
SUPERINTENDENT OF CITY SCHOOLS

Dedication

TO C. W. BOUCHER

Who has endeared himself in
many ways to the Class
of Nineteen Sixteen,
we affectionate-
ly dedicate
this An-
nual.

Central Bldg.

MR. HOMER M. JESSEE
Principal

MISS MINNIE C. McINTYRE
Assistant Principal

MISS MABEL E. YOUNG

MISS HELEN M. BENNEY

MR. IRA L. SPEAR

MISS OLIE WELTY

MISS BERNICE REYNOLDS

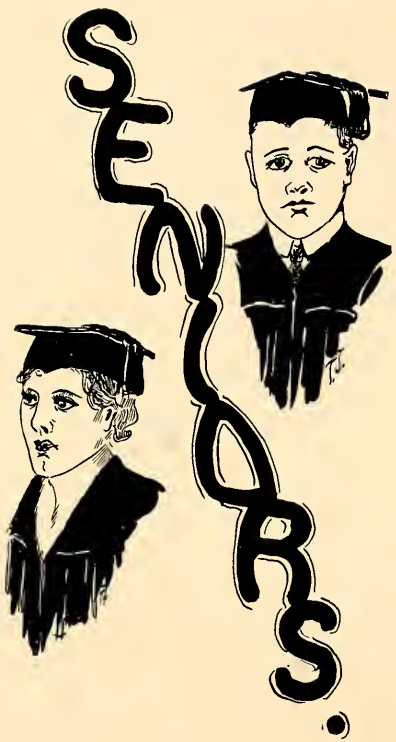
MRS. LU S. BROOKE

MR. BENJAMIN F. SHAFER

MISS MARGARET BARTHOLOMEW

MRS. ALICE INGRAM

MISS MILDRED ARCHER



Class Colors---Green and Gold Class Flower---Daffodil

Class Motto---"Aim high, the arrow hath its chances"

Officers

President---Raymond Shurr

Vice-President---Louis Stendahl

Secretary-Treasurer---Donald Herrick

Class Roll

Lola Albery
Hugh Blackney
Floyd Brown
Lucille Campbell
Margaret Campbell
Loring Casbon
Alma Curtis
Allen Dalrymple
Evelyn Davidson
Martha Davidson
Hudson Deardoff
Coit Dolhover
Gurdon Huntington
Archie Keene
Mary Keene
Kathryn Kirkpatrick
Dorothy Lembke
Bruce Loring
Helen McDonald
Irene McWhinney
Sarah Marimon
Herman Marquardt
William Morthland
Deforest Muster
Allan Nelson
Frances Powers
Edna Engel
Mary Ewing
Herman Farris
Paul Findling
Clarence Gardner
Francis Gast
Florence Greene
Donald Herrick
Wesley Hoffman
Margaret Holst
Joseph Horn
Lorraine Hughes
Charles Reagan
Coral Ruth
Lillian Sayers
Lily Shinabarger
Raymond Shurr
Niles Smith
Louis Stendahl
Lee Ella Steward
Lila Tanner
Anna Tofte
Bessie Wetter
Florence Wheeler
Mary Weichert
Kenyon Wyckoff

LILA TANNER—Latin Course. Oratory.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet."

LORING CASBON—Scientific Course.

"Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look."

FLORENCE GREENE—Latin Course. Oratory.

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."

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CLARENCE GARDNER—Latin Course. Basketball, football, baseball.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

ALMA CURTIS—Latin Course. Oratory.

"Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies."

DONALD HERRICK—Scientific Course. Football, baseball.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

MARGARET HOLST—Scientific Course.
"If I have done well, it is that which I desired."

HUDSON DEARDOFF—Latin Course.
"A soldier firm and sound of heart."

MARTHA DAVIDSON—Latin Course.
"I fear nothing but doing wrong."

PAUL FINDLING—Latin Course. Basketball, football, baseball.
"Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by."

LEE ELLA STEWARD. Scientific Course.
"She will look out for herself, (as long as there is a looking-glass around.)"

HERMAN FARRIS—Latin Course. Basketball, football, baseball.
"Off to his frozen lair
Tracked he the grizzly hare."

LUCILLE CAMPBELL. Latin Course.
"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired."

HUGH BLACKNEY—Scientific Course.
"All mankind loves a lover."

LILY SHINABARGER. Scientific Course.
"Naturally frank and artless."

LOUIS STENDAHL—Latin Course.
"He that refraineth his lips is wise."

LORRAINE HUGHES—Scientific Course.
"Absence of occupation is not rest."

FLOYD BROWN. Latin Course. Football.
"What I have been taught I have forgotten; what I know I have guessed."

CORAL RUTH—Latin Course.

"I'm quite as big for me," said she,
"As you are big for you."

ARCHIE KEENE—Scientific Course.

"Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?"

ANNA TOFTE. Scientific Course.

"You will easily find a worse woman;
A better the sun ne'er shown upon."

DEFOREST MUSTER—Latin Course. Football.

"He who comes too speedily to a decision (and acts on the impulse of the moment) is not long ere he repents of it."

MARY KEENE—Latin Course.

"Ever level and ever true
To toil and task she has to do."

HERMAN MARQUARDT—Latin Course. Oratory.

"As good be out of the world as out of fashion."

BESSIE WETTER—Latin Course.

"Yet the beauty of her mind
Neither cheek nor chain hath found."

KENYON WYCKOFF—Scientific Course. Football.

"The best way to have a friend is to be one."

FLORENCE WHEELER—Scientific Course.

"For she was jes' the quiet kind,
Whose natures never vary."

JOSEPH HORN—Scientific Course. Football.

"A man who is always happy and who brings happiness into the hearts of all."

MARY WEICHERT. Latin Course.

"Oh how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give."

FRANCIS GAST—Latin Course. Oratory.

"Benign he was and wondrous diligent."

IRENE McWHINNEY. Latin Course.
"A rosebud set with little willful thorns
And sweet as English air could make her, she."

ALLAN NELSON. Scientific Course.
"Life is not so short but there is always time for courtesy."

SARAH MARIMON—Latin Course.
"She loves, but knows not who she loves."

WESLEY HOFFMAN—Scientific Course. Football, basketball.

"This man would not be guilty of supererogation."

DOROTHY LEMBKE—Latin Course.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

WILLIAM MORTHLAND—Scientific Course.

"So on a sudden, transfigured, he stood there, he spake and he questioned."

LILLIAN SAYERS—Latin Course.

"What ere she did was done with so much ease
In her alone 'twas natural to please."

COIT DOLHOVER—Scientific Course.
Basketball, baseball.

"A friend to all, an enemy to none."

EVELYN DAVIDSON—Scientific Course.

"A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!"

BRUCE LORING—Latin Course. Basketball, baseball.

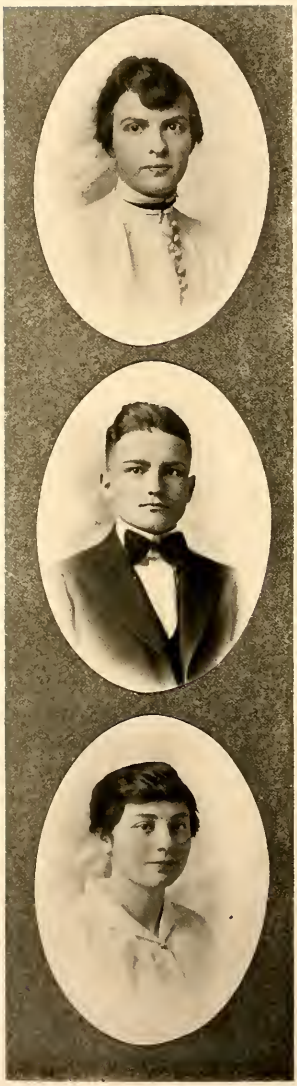
"Gallant, graceful, tall,
Finest, noblest, loved by all."

HELEN McDONALD—Latin Course.

"She was in the habit of living with the sorrowful, severely; with the cheerful, joyously, agreeably; with the aged, gravely; and with the young, pleasantly, jovially, companionably."

ALLEN DALRYMPLE—Latin Course. Basketball, football, oratory.

"A look of wisdom supernal enthroning his lofty brow."



KATHRYN KIRKPATRICK—Scientific Course.

"All the nodding daffodils woke up
And laughed upon her, the sweetest
Maiden of us all."

RAYMOND SHURR—Latin Course. Football.

"He was a man in whom I put a most absolute trust."

MARGARET CAMPBELL—Latin Course.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

CHARLES REAGAN—Latin Course. Football.

"I find the greatest thing in the world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving."

FRANCES POWERS—Latin Course.

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in every gesture, dignity and love."

GURDON HUNTINGTON—Latin Course. Basketball, football.

"How fine, how blest a thing is work." "(Nit)"

MARY EWING—Latin Course.
"Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest."

NILES SMITH—Latin Course.
"He fills his space with deeds, and
not with lingering years."

LOLA ALBERY—Latin Course.
"The daisy's for simplicity and un-
affected air."

EDNA ENGEL. Latin Course.
"A pleasing countenance is no slight advantage."

SPRING.

THE Seniors greet Spring with many a shout,
But among the "Freshies," "Spring Fever" breaks out,
And each one of them is heard to say,
"I don't feel like studying my lessons to-day."

The Sophomores too are badly affected
Not even the Juniors from it are protected,
And the teachers so stern and staid
Of this disease are a little afraid.

The reason the Seniors prove an exception,
Is because of that far famed reception.
And the fact that the Juniors give them a treat,
Makes Spring to the Seniors seem wonderfully sweet.

LUCILLE CAMPBELL.

THOMAS JOHNSON, '18.

The Class of '16 has discovered among the many talented pupils of the V. H. S. a cartoonist who has helped greatly to make our annual a success. The Class is indebted to Thomas Johnson for the splendid cartoons in this book, and hereby wishes to thank him for his able assistance.

CHARLES REAGAN.

EDITORIAL

STAFF

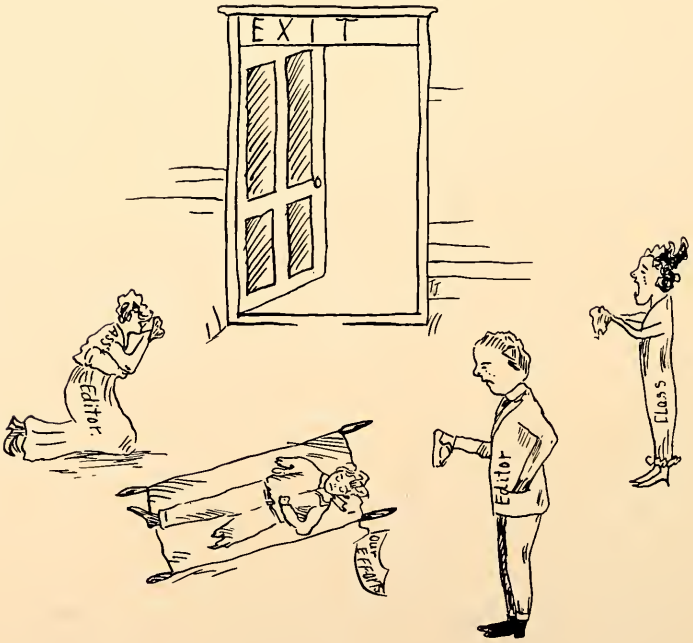
Charles Reagan	Editor-in-Chief
Frances Powers	Assistant Editor
Clarence Gardner	Business Manager
Herman Marquardt	Assistant Manager
Lorraine Hughes	Society Editor
Paul Findling	Athletic Editor
Allan Nelson	Photograph Editor
Joseph Horn	Exchange Editor
Niles Smith	Alumni Editor
Margaret Campbell	Joke Editor

WE, THE Class of 1916, thought the gentleman who once said, "There is nothing new under the sun," a fit candidate for the Ananias Club. In our Freshmen days, when Miss Benney asked us to define onomatopoeia, that was surely something new to us and each teacher, in those green and salad days, seemed to have something up his sleeve equally astonishing. But since starting this Annual, we have decided that the author of the saying quoted above is one of the unhonored dead whose statue should be placed in the Hall of Fame along with Benjamin Franklin, otherwise "Poor Richard," whose chief claim to distinction was his axiomatic observations.

Every Annual staff begins work with the one fixed idea, Originality. We were no exception. When a circus comes to town, enormous posters tell in multi-colored letters, that "Everything is New Except the Name." "The Flying Italian Trio, Aerial Artists, Positively the First and Last Time Shown in America," runs the advertisement. However the circus proves to be the same old story of the years gone by, except for some new paint; and the "Flying Trio" is recognized as Rube Jones, Josh Billings and Circus Smith, who have been with the show for fourteen years. So with the Annual. Each year the editors resolve to achieve something new and startling, but except for the photographs of the classes, it is generally the same old grind. However the beauty of the Junior Class this year will distinguish our Annual from those of former years.

The foregoing is not an apology. The whole school has done its best to make this Annual a success and to compile a book whose copy as well as cartoons, snapshots and anecdotes will prove a source of much pleasure in future years.

THE EDITORS.



THE HISTORY DEPARTMENT.

ISTORY hath triumphed over time which besides it nothing but eternity hath triumphed over.

Great emphasis should be placed upon the importance of History in our schools. It teaches the pupil not only to become acquainted with past events but also to follow the important events and questions of the present day. Those in charge of Valparaiso High School have recognized its importance and have placed it high among the list of required subjects. The course in History offers one term of English History as an elective and requires two terms of Ancient History, two terms of Mediaeval and Modern History and one term of Civics.

The first term's work consists of the study of the foremost nations of Ancient History—Egypt, Assyria, Phoenicia, Babylonia, Persia and Greece—their literature, religion, art, character, and above all their contributions to civilization and the conditions that made these contributions possible. The second term is given up to the study of the history of Ancient Rome—her beginning, her struggles and her conquests, her rise and fall. We find through a study of Ancient History that the contribution of the Hebrews to civilization was religion, while the contribution of the Greeks was the development of political liberty and that of Rome, was law.

Then we come to the study of Mediaeval and Modern History. One term is given to Mediaeval History which begins at the fall of Rome. The history of this period extends through the Dark Age, through the period of the Rennaisance and up to the time of the discovery of America by Columbus. During this period we become acquainted with the type of government which prevailed during the Middle Age and we also get a glimpse of the rise of the Church and its struggle with the State for supremacy. During the next term we take up the study of Modern History, with its changes in the system of government and its industrial and social problems. In the course of the study of the Modern Age we find that the old types of government are being overthrown and newer and better systems of government are rising to take their place, while the industrial changes and development have produced problems which must be solved by the coming generations.

The most interesting and possibly the most important branch of this Department is Civics to which one term—all too short for the work to be done—is given. In this work we study the nation, state, county, township, and city, as a whole and separately, and especially in their relations to each other and the people. The student is made to feel that he is a part of a great government and that he owes the government and the community certain duties which he must discharge in return for the privileges he enjoys.

In this term we get much practical experience in government. The work is supplemented by as much research work upon important subjects and events of special interest as is possible in the time alloted to the subject. Visits are made to public buildings and institutions and observations are made on court and council proceedings. Instruction and practice is given in the casting of ballots in regular elections.

Current History is studied throughout the entire course of History. A weekly discussion of current events is held and questions concerning the important events of the world are asked and also answered by the students.

Much credit must be given to Miss McIntyre, the instructor in History, for the way in which she teaches her classes. She has impressed her pupils with the fact that History and Civics are, and should be a necessary and important part of our everyday life. Because of this her classes are alive to the questions of the day and take a great interest in following up these problems to their solutions.

FRANCIS GAST.

WHAT ENGLISH HAS DONE FOR THE SENIORS.

OF ALL the departments of our high school, I believe the English Department will prove to be the most practical and valuable to us Seniors after we leave school.

During our high school career, we have acquired a knowledge of rhetoric and composition, we have been well trained in public speaking, we have gained a fair knowledge of Greek Mythology, we have enjoyed the study of American and English Literature, we have been introduced to the best writers the world has ever known, and we have formed an acquaintance with the finest literary masterpieces. All these things have not only given us a better, clearer and more pleasing expression of our thoughts, but they have broadened our visions, placed before us the best examples, given us higher ideals and raised our aim in life to a higher standard—or, as some writer once expressed it, "English has inspired us to think with the great thinkers, dream with the great dreamers, and do with the great doers."

This year especially, the English Department has done unusual work. Public speaking has played a greater part in our school life than ever before. One morning of each week, the chapel exercises have been given over to the Senior Class, some member of which entertained the student body with an interesting talk, reading or music. Excellent programs have been given by the underclassmen in celebration of the birthday anniversaries of our great men. Others have employed their skill in thrilling debates, after dinner toasts and speeches. At the beginning of the year every Senior was required to write and deliver an oration upon some present day topic in which he was interested. This required a great amount of outside work but it gave each student an opportunity to display his ability and to bring out the best that was in him. These orations were well written, well delivered and proved to be interesting and enjoyable to all who heard them.

We Seniors can not give too much praise and credit to our capable teachers in this department who for four years have so patiently and kindly guided us through the realms of English. We leave behind us the sincere hope that the future graduates of the Valparaiso High School, may gain even greater advantages from their splendid teachings than did the Class of Nineteen Sixteen.

ALMA R. CURTIS.

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

HE business world looks to the school for educated men and women. The best illustration of this is the fact that we have a college president at the head of our nation. The doctor cannot enter upon his profession if he is not a graduate of some reputable school of medicine. The lawyer must be versed in the laws of our land and he must spend time in preparation for his work before he is allowed to practice. We see that many demands are being made upon our business men and women and as we perceive the forward steps in other professions and lines, we realize that the work in the Commercial Department of our high schools has an important part to play.

The Commercial Department of our High School is divided into three branches, Phonography, Typewriting, and Bookkeeping.

Hundreds of years ago men recognized the need of devising a method by which the pen could keep pace with the tongue. It was evident that there must be some definite system of recording sounds. Scores of shorthand systems were constructed upon as many different alphabets, but most of them did not survive because they were not practical. One system, founded on enduring principles, has lived. This is the well known Pitman Phonography. It was invented about seventy years ago by Isaac Pitman of England, who was assisted in teaching the art by his brothers, one of whom, Benn, came to America in 1853. Time has proved the soundness and practicability of the Benn Pitman system, which is the one used in our Phonography course.

The method used in Typewriting is the touch system. This system involves two important factors. The first and most important is the mastery of the keyboard, the second is the development of the ability to operate the keys first with a conscious mental effort and later by subconscious direction with no appreciable mental effort. The question of speed is a vital one to the typist. Accuracy first and then speed is the aim. Typewriting is an art which in its ultimate stage is mechanical. There is an artistic side to Typewriting, resting in the technique which is found in the perfection of the typist's work. Inserting the paper, spacing, returning the carriage, inspecting the work, all receive strict attention until the student is able to perform these acts accurately.

There was never a greater demand for good bookkeepers and never a greater supply of poor ones than at the present time. A good bookkeeper must be accurate. He must be interested and he ought to know the meanings of the figures he sets down. He should be ambitious so that the old saying "once a bookkeeper, always a bookkeeper" may be disproved. These points are impressed upon the pupils' minds. Book-

keeping has been called "applied arithmetic" and for years there has been a growing tendency to teach Bookkeeping from its arithmetical side. This is the attitude of the text book used in the course—Lyon's "Bookkeeping."

The work of the Commercial Department is carried on enthusiastically by the pupils under the able guidance of Miss Young.

LOLA ALBERY.

A DIFFICULTY.

LIKE to read a good book,
I like to hear a song,
I like to see the humming-birds
As they flit along.

I do not like to sweep the floor,
Nor make the beds upstairs,
I do not like to cook a meal,
Nor dust the rocking chairs.

But then at writing poetry,
Here's where I surely shine,
For it certainly takes me three long hours,
To write a single line.

LILLIAN SAYERS.

THE MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT.

ERE we have Mathematics, a most interesting subject. Arithmetic everyone knows is exhilarating and all agree that it is most practical as well. Well we don't study that in high school. Our Freshmen have become past masters of arithmetic in the grades and begin Algebra upon entering the high school. They take to Algebra as ducks do to water. The poor little fellows have to take to it. It is what keeps them sober. They become so interested in solving for unknowns that when they finish the first half of their Sophomore year they greatly regret having to say goodbye to dear old symbols. Then with fear and trembling these poor Sophomores take up the point, the line, the plane and the solid of much dreaded Geometry. The first day they enter the Geometry room trembling, and come out shuddering, but in a few days go on their way rejoicing. They soon feel like one, who having just read a beautiful poem says, "Those lines frame exactly what I have always felt but could not express." Geometry is not abstract. They find a delight in its figures; and the exactness with which they learn to express themselves so entrances them that they work at Geometry with a relish. This interesting subject holds each class spellbound; and at last the poor Freshmen who quailed before Algebra are Seniors, the pride of V. H. S., fit citizens and real dwellers on earth.

Now comes tough luck, the Seniors do not take Algebra or Geometry. Fearful of the world they think it wise to brush up on worldly things so they turn to Commercial Arithmetic and Bookkeeping. In going back to arithmetic after devoting their time to higher mathematics they receive a surprise. Arithmetic that was so hard for most of them in the grades, now comes easy.

Something might be said for the practicality of these subjects. Algebra is essential for the acquiring of Geometry; Geometry is necessary to Engineers, Architects and Astronomers; Geometry and Algebra both are indespensible in Chemistry and Physics. These subjects are also useful in showing one the "why's" of Arithmetic. The girls, rather than work themselves thin over mathematics might possibly spend their time as profitably on something else. But no, if girls must vote, give them quadratics.

Valparaiso High School is blessed with two unusually fine mathematics teachers, Principal Jessee, and Superintendent Boucher. We can safely say no other high school in northern Indiana can boast of such a team. "By their words ye shall know them." Mr. Jessee, "Let me see, tomorrow we will take all the problems on the next three pages. O now don't get discouraged, that is no assignment in comparison to what we shall be doing in a few weeks." Mr. Boucher, "Candidly now students, I believe in Mathematics."

In conclusion let me say, "So do we all" and hope that future classes may long enjoy the instruction of these two enthusiastic teachers.

WILLIAM E. MORTHLAND.

THE LATIN DEPARTMENT.

I'm Not As Dead As I Look.

AM the spirit of the Latin Language which was spoken almost two thousand years ago. I appear now to convince you that I am still exerting a mighty influence over the world, although you think I have long been in my grave. You may ask for proof of this seemingly startling statement. Listen, and you shall have it. Did it ever occur to you that I am living in only a slightly different form in most of the language spoken to-day? I especially wish you to see my presence in the English Language since that is the one with which you have the most to do.

Can you say that I am dead and should no longer be accorded a place in the school curriculum when I appear in two-thirds of the words of the English Language? Let us look for a few minutes at some of the English words which are derived from the original Latin. "Mansion" comes from the Latin word "maneo" which means to "stay over night." "Candidate" comes from the Latin word "candidatus" which is derived from "candidus" meaning "white." The Roman candidate was accustomed to wear a clean white toga when canvassing for votes. Thus we get the English word "candidate" meaning a contestant for office. The English word "rival," meaning "one who strives to equal or excel," comes from the Latin word "rivalis" which means "dwelling by the same brook (Lat. "riviis") and contending for the right to use it. Thus the origin of hundreds of English words could be traced back to the Latin. Is is not important therefore that you become acquainted with that Language?

Then take the little Latin word "duco" with a few of its compounds such as ad, ob or de, and see how many English words you can call to mind with almost no effort, which come from that word. There are "duct, ductile, ductility, adduce, adducement, adduction, deduce, deduction, and obduce," and these are only a small per cent of the words derived from this one Latin word. Then there are the abbreviations which stand for Latin expressions such as, A. D., (Anno Domini,) meaning "in the year of our Lord"; Q. E. D., (quod erat demonstrandum), "which was to be proved"; viz., (videlicet), "namely," A. M., (Ante Meridiem), "before noon"; cf., (confer), "compare;" etc., (et cetera), "and so forth"; i. e., (id est), "that is." Even many of the advertisements and cartoons found in our daily papers and other periodicals require a knowledge of Latin. If you have seen Miss Welty's Latin Exhibit you will realize more than ever that this is the truth.

If Latin plays such an important part in the world to-day, why do you call it a dead language? It is not so much because you really believe that it is dead as it is because you think it is too hard or takes too much

time or that it is soon forgotten. In the first place it may not be as hard as you think it is. Perhaps you only think it is hard because you do not know how to study. Then as to forgetting, do you remember all the facts in History or any other subject you have studied? What if you do forget some of it, are not your faculties so trained that they cannot only acquire knowledge when necessary, but also make the most intelligent use of your powers in the various situations of life? Then you say it is not practical. It does not help you to earn money. Is money the only thing in life? Are there not some things you would like to know for the satisfaction and pleasure you have in knowing them? You ought to have faith enough to look ahead and educate yourself for later life, because you do not know, when choosing your course in school, what your course in life may be. Not to have studied Latin means that you do not know the logic or understand the categories of general grammar and those forms of language which are at the same time forms of thought, and that you cannot think out the meanings of countless technical phrases, familiar quotations and many words of which you do not know the definitions.

Before I leave, I will ask you to consider what I have said and see if you do not honestly think that the Latin Language is still alive, not dead.

MARY EWING.

SHOULD I WORRY?

I DO not mind to go to school
When the weather is crisp and cool,
But when it's warm, I want to be
Away from books, careless and free.

So if next week some day I skip
In the cool lake to take a dip,
Whose business is it but my own
Since we have got no telephone.

Should worry throw me in a haze
If they expell me for three days?
These days, I'm sure the mighty Lord
'Gainst my record, will not re-cord.

CHARLES REAGAN.

SCIENCE DEPARTMENT.

COLUMBUS discovered America, Robert E. Peary discovered the geographical North Pole, Roald Amundson with his retinue discovered the South Pole, but, alone and unaided, in a strange and wild territory, Benjamin F. Shafer, noted chemist and physicist, with nothing but raw material to work with, has not only discovered but has proclaimed above aught else the extraordinary ability of the V. H. S. students in scientific fields.

On September 6, 1915, promptly at 9:00 A. M., we found him. Small, unimposing, wonderfully good-looking, with a fearless and determined look in his blue eyes, he took our names as, one by one we filed before him. It was our first meeting, and may I add that before September 7, 1915, he had secured for himself the warmest of places in the hearts of his scientific students. Without showing partiality we cannot justly place any one of his subjects foremost. Professor Shafer's efforts have been as far-reaching in one direction as in another, and not only to scientific fields has he confined his unlimited abilities. In Elementary Latin he has placed himself foremost as a teacher.

In Physics Prof. Shafer has very thoroughly conducted us through the metric system, he has very minutely explained to us wherein lie the differences between the motor and the dynamo. And he has so fluently instructed us in the theory of gases that we have all but seen and felt the minute molecules of the atmosphere. We have sensed personally the far-reaching effects of Newton's Law of Gravitation, aided of course by the fully equipped physics laboratory. Our room is so arranged as to become on one minute's notice either a staid recitation room or a laboratory void of all formality. Here we have persistently endeavored to create heat by freezing water, to pick up regulation bricks by means of magnets, to prove a cat's fur holds a negative charge of electricity, and to determine the number of vibrations produced in the air by a chord in E. Minor.

In Chemistry we have likewise made great progress. Two days a week we are allowed eighty minutes for laboratory experiments in what we may rightly term our work-shop. Here, thanks to Prof. Shafer's unceasing efforts, we have a collection of chemicals which would do credit to any University. It is in Chemistry I believe, that Prof. Shafer attains his highest mark as a teacher.

In Botany, Prof. Shafer again excells. He takes the timid Freshman by the hand and leads him into a hitherto unexplored land,—and when the first semester closes, this fledgling of the high school knows that a plant consists of root, stem and leaves and that ebony is a soft wood. The second semester's work is very different. It deals with

lower plant life and in the laboratory Prof. Shafer with the aid of a couple of microscopes tries to convince the pupils that zoospores and oöspores are two very distinct spores.

For his interest in them and those who are to come after them, the Class of 1916 as a whole feels a debt to Professor Shafer that can never be estimated in round numbers or in words.

HERMAN M. MARQUARDT.

IT DON'T FIT.

AIR Louie one day went out shopping
To get his sweet wifey a gown,
But it seemed everywhere he was stopping,
Was everyone else of the town.

He elbowed, he pushed and he worked,
As, of course, all the others did too;
But his duty he never had shirked,
So he finally edged his way through.

To the clerk he came with a bound
Saying, "A gown for my wife I want, quick!
Size forty, I guess, and a brown,
Please don't make me miss the 5:06."

The package he took and departed,
The 5:06 o'clock he did get,
Poor Louie was very down hearted
When wifey announced, "It don't fit."

MARY WEICHERT.

MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT.

ABILITY to labor is the largest asset of the majority of mankind. On the money value of a man's labor depends much of his happiness and of the happiness of his family. The money value of a man's labor is controlled by his initiative and his ability along some certain line. When an employer speaks of a man's initiative he means that the man can do the right thing without being told. When he speaks of his ability he means that when he is told to do a thing he can do it satisfactorily. Our schools should give boys both initiative and power to do. It should give them knowledge and a pliant mind—two tools indispensable for the various tasks they will be called upon to perform.

One of the most effective movements toward equipping boys with these qualifications to be found in the sphere of education today, is the development of the manual side of the school curriculum in conjunction with the intellectual side.

The value of manual training is two fold, practical and cultural, in that it increases the pupils' power to do, gives a degree of skill in the use of tools, teaches the dignity of labor, demands concentration of attention, requires organized thinking, demands an exercise of the will power, and connects the work of school with the affairs of every day life.

Mr. Spear, our instructor, is highly efficient in the teaching of manual training and mechanical drawing. He has done much to increase the interest in manual training in our school. One hundred and twenty-five grade and high school boys are now enrolled in this department. Upon entering these boys are taught the care and use of the tools, and by a series of graded projects are led to the more complicated exercises.

By the time the pupils enter high school they are ready to make cabinet pieces. More emphasis is being placed each semester on mechanical drawing. This course includes lettering, projection, development, isometric, machine, and architectural drawing.

The equipment consists of eighteen fully equipped benches, two speed lathes, one power driven grindstone and a new motor driven circular saw.

DONALD HERRICK.

THE DOMESTIC ART DEPARTMENT.

THE Domestic Art department which was introduced in the public schools in the fall of 1907 has proven a great success. This is made evident by the six hundred girls who are taking the work and the wonderful exhibitions held in the Domestic Art room each semester under Mrs. Ingram's efficient supervision.

This art is beneficial to every girl. The various stitches, basting, over casting, hemming, back stitching, cross-stitching, crocheting, and weaving are taught in the first three grades. Basketry, raffia, embroidery, application of sewing in form of cooking uniforms are given attention in the fourth and fifth grades. Sewing machine work is introduced in the seventh grade.

This subject is of especial interest to the High School girl for she not only learns to make plain clothes but also gains a knowledge of flower making, dress making, and millinery. She learns lace making and textiles which will be of lasting benefit. After a certain number of required garments are made the girls are allowed to make whatever they choose. Domestic Art is compulsory only for those taking the Scientific course.

Domestic Art is a very nice thing,
For those who like it well,
Often you can hear them sing,
Of the wonderful seams they fell.

They learn about French felling,
And the beauty of even seams,
With an admonition once in a while
Finding out what our teacher means,

When she talks of bastings, gathers, seams,
Hems, a gusset, and a tuck.
And she who fails to rip a seam
Is surely in great luck.

Oh the sewing, ripping, basting,
That forever will abound,
"Girls, girls be careful!
And don't leave scraps around."

"Freshies bring your boxes,
And don't forget your work,
Or we'll resort to cross-stitch,
If you're inclined to shirk."

The Freshies are a noisy crowd,
And when a buzz they start,
In accents very clear and loud,
"Girls, you're forgetting!" Domestic Art.

FLORENCE GREENE.

YE WANTONE BEE.

IT WAS ye bold knighte Belvidiere,
All armoured for the fraye;
Who paused to greet hys ladye deere
Which caused him to staye.

And whyle he kissed and clypt the lass,
Ye little wantone bee
Did hie within hys casque, alas!
To see wat he could see.

Then rose hym uppe, ye gallant knighte,
"Oh liever would I staye,
Yette must I gae—then damsel, dighte
Your champion for the fraye!"

But sore amazed she was amaine,
To see ye champion springe
Uppe in ye aire, while cries of paine
Did from hys helmet ringe.

He tore the casque from off his head,—
Greate pitye 'twas to see.
Hys cheeks and eyes alle swollen red,
Alle bye ye lyttle Bee.

Ye dame in scorn mocked at hys plighte,
"You are a chump," quothe she,
And I wylle gette another knighte,
Whose heade unswelled shall bee!"
(With all apologies to Chaucer,)

HERMAN MARQUARDT.

THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT.

UT for life the universe were nothing; and all that has life requires nourishment." The art of cookery is as old as history and like all other arts, it has its laws of proportion, harmony and contrast. It is one of the greatest accomplishments of a home maker, for the health and happiness of the family circle depend, to a great extent, upon the proper preparation of food. No husband, father or brother enjoys anything more than to be able to invite his friends home to dinner and know that a very attractive, appetizing, nutritious, well-balanced meal is awaiting them. So it seems that a systematic study of cooking should be a fundamental part of the education of the home maker.

The object of the course in Domestic Science is to teach a girl how to plan, cook and serve meals at home, to calculate the cost of provisions and to purchase foods in the best market at the lowest prices. This includes knowing the nutritive value of each food and its place in the diet. The Domestic Science room is "the" place to become acquainted with all these facts. John Ruskin gives an excellent summary of the art of cooking in his quotation, "Cookery means the knowledge of Media, and of Circe, and of Helen and the Queen of Sheba. It means the knowledge of all herbs and fruits and balms and spices and all that is healing and sweet in the fields and groves and savory in meats. It means carefulness and intentitiveness and willingness and readiness of application. It means the economy of your grandmother and the science of the modern chemist; it means much testing and no wasting; it means English thoroughness and French art and Arabian hospitality; and, in fine, it means that you are to be perfectly and always ladies—"loaf givers."

Miss Bartholomew, our Domestic Science teacher, is to be complimented on her skill in teaching this art. She has certainly proven to be a very capable and interesting teacher and we all hope that she will be here again next year.

EDNA ENGEL.

THE VALIANT SENTINEL.

"Nine o'clock and all is well,"
Said Sergeant Sherwood of Company L.
So, he rolled himself in blankets thick
And soon was sleeping sound as a brick.

HUDSON DEARDOFF.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

THE work of the Music Department of the Valparaiso High School in 1916 stands out brilliantly against that of any preceding year. The Department, through the different entertainments given by the orchestra and chorus, has been recognized as one of the important factors in our high school life.

Miss Mildred Archer is the instructor of music and it is through her efforts and direction that the season has been such a success. Miss Archer organized an orchestra when she first entered our school, and although it resembled an aggregation rather than an organization, by careful and patient direction it achieved its aim and was received with surprise and congratulations by the other members of the school.

The Music Department attained its highest ambition when it presented the very pretty Indian-Operetta, "The Feast of the Red-Corn." This Operetta was given by the girls with the assistance of four boys and the orchestra. The play met with the greatest success of any ever given by the High School. The chorus consisted of about thirty-five girls who did wonderfully well. The leading roles were played by Misses Gretchen Marquardt, Helen Dean, and Frances Powers who sang their solos with much distinction, showing voices of great sweetness.

The boys' parts added much to the comedy. The orchestra after many days of practice rendered the instrumental music exceedingly well. Many thanks must be given to Mrs. Bondy for her assistance in staging the play.

The Music Department of the High School is a new one and therefore has not progressed as far as some of the other departments, but as the school grows, the Music Department grows likewise. It has pleased all, and it is hoped that this department next year may meet with even greater success than it has achieved in 1916.

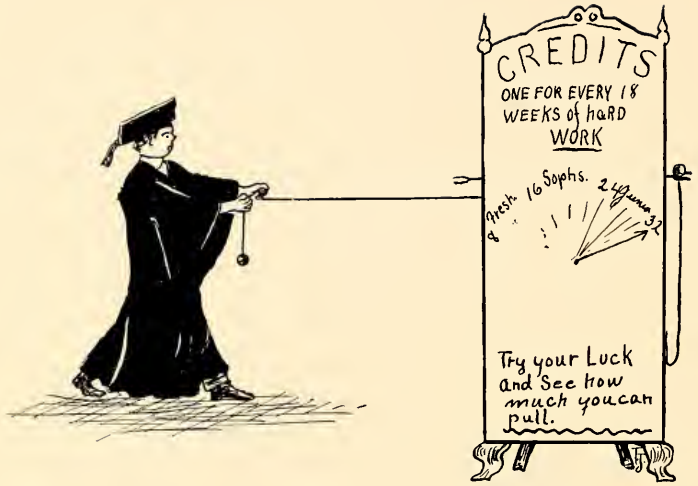
FRANK WILSON.

SPRING.

MANY hearts rejoice since joyous Spring is here;
She spreads the sunshine of her gaudy, flowing garments
O'er the fresh plowed fields and meadows brown and sear,
And in every heart she leaves a spark of merriment.

Such wonders each morn she works anew;
The frozen ground she turns to softest turf,
O'er which the recent North Winds blew,
Then each blade greens and springs from out the earth.

DEFOREST MUSTER.



SENIOR HISTORY.

SEVERAL years ago a very ordinary group of children entered the first grade with great curiosity regarding what school life might hold for them. Years passed and, after being called the champion spellers and base ball players of the Department, these youngsters became Freshmen in the High School.

For these poor trembling little Freshies each day brought forth new terrors. They suffered the hazing and jokes of the upper-classmen with the spirit of martyrs; but in the spring of their Freshman year they dared to enjoy themselves on a jolly picnic at Sager's Lake.

As Sophomores they were as enthusiastic over their work as over their play. Their programs before the high school assembly were among the best, especially the old fashioned school program at which admission was charged. The year ended with nothing more nor less exciting for the Sophomores than examinations; and with these trials successfully passed they joyfully left school for the summer vacation.

The short summer over the former Sophomores were Juniors and as such were considered a power in the school. Early the class was organized and a round of good times began. A jolly class spirit prevailed which lent dignity to the class meetings.

The end of the year brought certain responsibilities. For days and days the Juniors cut tiny pink blossoms from tissue paper and

stuck them on dead branches to decorate the Assembly Room for the reception. They prepared all sorts of good things to eat and drink. And one bright day after school was out, they entertained the Seniors at a merry picnic at Flint Lake where the delicious eats disappeared at an alarming rate. Two days later they bade farewell to the Seniors at the annual Alumni reception.

When they returned to school the next fall, three years of their high school life had passed. During this time their number had nearly doubled. When the Senior class organized, they found that there were in all fifty-two members, the largest class ever organized in the V. H. S. and in many ways the most remarkable. The boys proved themselves wonderful basket ball players, the famous V. H. S. team of 1916 being made up entirely of Seniors. The class chose their pins with less trouble than other classes and wore them with great satisfaction. Many parties were enjoyed, among which was a theatre party given by Mr. and Mrs. Boucher which was thoroughly appreciated by the Seniors.

Only a few weeks remain before graduation. The class is busy with the Annual and hope to make it the best of all V. H. S. Annuals. The four years of their high school life have been four happy, profitable and successful years, and with the benefits gained therefrom these Seniors hope to be considered the worthiest as well as the largest class that has ever graduated from the V. H. S.

DOROTHY LEMBKE.

THE VIOLET'S MESSAGE.

A VIOLET raised its modest head
Within the forest shade;
The dry leaves nestled at its feet
Where snow erstwhile had laid.
Yet as the cold wind round it swept,
It proved a herald true,
That with the spring time ever brings
The Violet's pledge to you.

However keen the winter blasts
O'er fields and woodlands blow,
We know when they are overpast,
Beneath the sheltering snow
Earth's sleeping forces stir to life
At Spring time's magic spell.
The violet lifts its purple hood
This prophecy to tell.

LORING CASBON.

THE CLOSED BOOK.

LOSED is the book of School-days,—
Our V. H. S. days so dear,
Each chapter now is written,
The parting hour is near.

Closed is the book of Knowledge,—
From which we have humbly learned
Great truths, tho' sometimes idly
And listlessly we have turned.

Closed is the book of Friendship,—
In which is fondly penned,
In gladsome mood or somber
The name of many a friend.

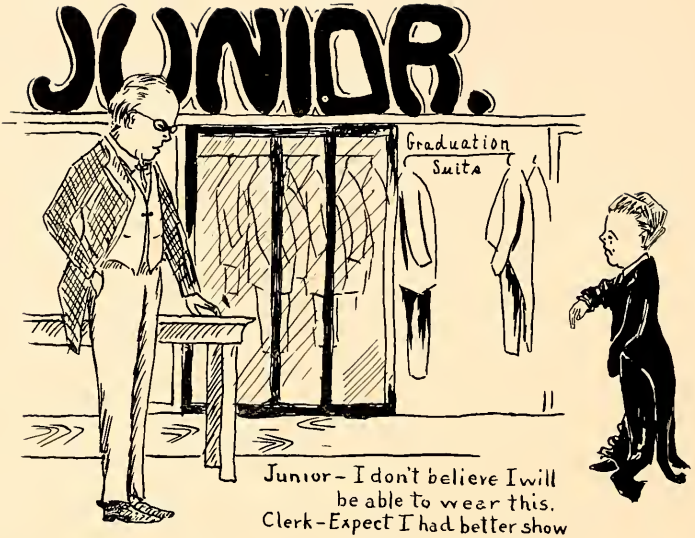
Closed is the book of Pleasure,—
The hours of mirth and light,
When fancy led us onward,
And all the world was bright.

Closed is the book of Day-Dreams,—
In which is to be found,
The deeds we long to accomplish
And our hopes, all firmly bound.

And now another Volume
Before us does unfold,
Its name is this: Achievement,—
What shall its contents hold?

Now to you, dear Alma Mater,
Let us say a fond farewell,
But within our hearts forever
Shall the love of our High School dwell.

IRENE McWHINNEY.



JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY.

(Apologies to Friend A. Pope.)

IT HAS been said (with far more truth than lilt)
That Rome itself in one day was not built.
Nor is it true alone of Rome, 'twill pass,
'Mongst other things, for any High School Class,
Our own included, which began to grow
And take on numbers in the grades below.
The members of our band wise Fate has drawn
From mighty intellects and those whose brawn
Excels all others, though none are vain.
These facts the upper-classmen realized
And so, though we were Freshmen and despised,
We went our way in peace those early days,
And no attempt was made to taunt or haze.
We purposed soon, one patriotic day,
Our histronic talent to display.
We gave that epoch-making drama, named
"The Signing of the Declaration"; famed

The cast that did present that worthy act,
Because of which th' Assembly-room was packed.
Compared with them (I make a statement true)
To Sothern, Marlowe, Irving, Bernhardt, too,
As much of recognition would be shown
As hot choc'late in grim Pluto's zone.
Then afterwards, as each had tried to look
His best that day, we had our pictures took.
The girls (no praise their sense or virtue meets)
Surprised the boys with dainty, welcome eats.
Later that spring (this scarce looks good in print)
We gave a picnic on the shores of Flint,
A thing no Freshman class had ever done before;
The autumn found us each a Sophomore.
Once more our brilliant path of glory lay
Upon the stage. Before Thanksgiving Day
The girls enacted a "Morality"
In which their art and versatility
Was manifest, and afterwards, because
Of their fine acting there was loud applause.
Right soon the boys, in order not to shun
The great demands, gave scenes from "Marmion."
And to return the girls' fine treat, the boys
Another gave, which, after all the noise
Had quite subsided (for it had been great)
Which spread, I say, in English room we ate.
Vain the attempt to narrate here in rhyme
The many social functions which from time
To time we've given, they were pleasant all.—
The picnic, number two, that spring; in fall
A weenie-roast which all declared was fine.
In February, for Saint Valentine
We entertained down in the one-time gym,
While Bacchus reigned—and left our purses slim.
My tale, I fear, is waxing undue long,
But I must mention, ere I cease my song,
That "Seventeen" in glory's path aye treads;
Our lofty standards and our dainty spreads
Alike bear witness to our high renown,
We surely from all classes seize the crown.

FREDERIC ARVIN.

JUNIORS.

AND so it came to pass that they were Sophomores, and each one betook himself unto his own work. Yea they worked diligently, every one, even unto the least, and behold they strove together as one great man and they overcame Caesar and conquered him. And they marched on; and lo they came to History. And they marched around his walls seven times each day; and lo on the seventh day his walls fell and he was overpowered and sacked and not a fragment of his realm remained undemolished. Next English and his host marched out to meet them, and twice were they almost defeated; but out of the multitude came Frederic who slew the giant and behold, when English's men saw how that he had been killed by one so small, they fled. And the Sophomores passed on. And so it came to pass in those days that Algebra rose up against them but under their skilled General Finkle they overcame him. But lo after four months the four great powers united and after a two days' battle they overcame the enemy and few of them were slain. And the remaining members of the Sophomore class bravely marched on; and lo another Latin tribe, Second Caesar, together with History Two, and English Five; but since Algebra had been totally annihilated by the children of '17, he was not to be found among the enemy, but in his stead they succeeded in joining unto themselves the Geometri, a fierce tribe and kinsmen of Algebra. And behold they continued as did their fathers and made war upon the Sophomores. And after many weeks the Sophomores beat them back. And lo they ceased fighting for a while and rejoiced that they had marched so far, and lo they were called Juniors, and they rejoiced because they had lost so few.

And so it came to pass that they were Juniors and each one betook himself to his own work and they strove together diligently even unto the least. And another generation of the four great powers, English Five, Latin Five, History Three, and Geometry Two, rose up against them. And they struggled together for many days. And the Juniors had a great feast and it was on the shores of a lake and all of their generals were with them and they did eat meat and leavened bread, and they rejoiced greatly. And still they fought, and soon the Juniors began to see that they were not to be overcome. And in those days there were festivities and it came to pass that the children of '17 laid aside the book and pen and ceased to fight, and meanwhile the powers united for the last fierce resistance. And behold when the Juniors did continue to fight they crushed the enemy and bravely marched over them. And lo these powers yielded up the ghost and left their descendants to carry on the struggle. And as English Six, Latin Six, Geometry Three, and History Four marched out to wage war against them, the Juniors stead-

ily drove them back and gradually the grand and glorious procession moved on. Yea it seemed as if no obstacle could detain them; and as they moved along each man became stronger, and all battles were easily won, and behold in the final skirmish not one of them was slain.

And again it came to pass that a prophet arose amongst them saying that yet another year should pass ere they should master all obstacles in the wilderness and reach the sought-for land.

CARRYL McQUISTON.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

F ALL the charming pictures that hang on memory's wall
The one of Valpo High School seems to me the best of all.
It's not the Seniors only or Juniors without peer
But every class in High School recalls some memory dear.
There's Scottie's red cheek, cherub face beaming as of yore
He takes a front seat cheerfully; he's learned in History lore;
Young George, a Freshman is a "Merry Sunshine" too,
Leone Williams and Carrie Mae do all that they can do
To brighten up this gloomy earth, such chatter boxes they
Their vigilant instructors grow wrinkled, old and gray.
'Tis with relief we look to Sophomores in turn
Such angel dispositions! How easily they learn
The wisdom of the sages our Albert has in store,
Our "witty" Bob or Mugzie has just as much no more.
They tell us that the Sophs are dead—just whisper to the breeze—,
"If these are sample corpses send us some more now please;"
The Juniors are a lively bunch each brighter than the rest,
Our young reporter "Molly" is among the very best;
There's Gladys Ritz and Frederic and there's Max Specht with his smile
And Irene Ball and Helen Kull who makes puns all the while;
There's Ray Stubbs with "Angel Face" but 'tisn't face alone,
The jokes he cracks, the tricks he plays, would make a seraph groan,
The Seniors, here words fail me,
If it were but allowed,
I'd trace these words in living fire in lightning on a cloud;
There's Bruce or "Ham," a steam engine makes sure far less of noise,
There are Heinie, Allie, Gid and Coit of the rarest stock
In basket ball they've given full many a team a knock.
'Twould take all day to name the stars, so merely let me state
That the Seniors are most wonderful, the Seniors sure are great;
They're all in that charming picture,—picture that hangs on Memory's wall
Of the dear old Valpo High School that seems to me best of all.

BONNIE RUTH PARKS.

HISTORY OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

AS THE Freshman class of 1914 marched into the Assembly room they were greeted with cries and ejaculations of surprise and admiration. Pandemonium and confusion reigned in the Assembly. Murmurs of incredulity rippled through the student body. They cried, "Can these be Freshmen? No! it is impossible! And yet; they must be!"

The cause of their indecision was obvious. These were not the gangling, unsophisticated children who had of late composed the Freshman classes! Nay, far from such! The upperclassmen noted the royal bearing, the finely chiseled countenances, the high intellectual foreheads, and stalwart athletic figures of the boys, and thought, "They must at least be Seniors." They viewed with adoration the refined expression of the beautiful maiden, who calmly perceived their admiring gaze, and modestly with downcast eyes glided to her seat. Truly it would be remarkable if they did not draw the admiration of the students, for never before had such Freshmen been seen in the V. H. S.

But the Freshmen elicted not only the admiration, but also the jealousy of the non-freshies. They, realizing their inferiority to the Freshmen in intellect, resorted as their only means of retaliation to physical violence. Upon the following day the Freshmen were "subito" (suddenly) attacked by a much larger force of upper classmen. I shall not dwell upon the horrors of war and bloodshed, suffice it to say, that after a long and bitter struggle the Freshmen were at last defeated and tortured by the enemy.

The freshies, although greatly oppressed, were ambitious, and as soon as they were convalescent, they plunged into athletics and succeeded in placing five members upon the base ball team.

Among their numerous achievements we cannot overlook the great success of their first formal appearance upon the Assembly platform. When they gave their programme the audience was greatly impressed. In many respects it was like Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" but not wholly, for the audience did applaud a little.

And now these aforementioned Freshmen are Sophomores. Time has not robbed them of any vestige of their former glory and honor. They are still the ideal class of the school, accepting alike the homage of both the under and upper classmen. They have many causes to boast, for they have a representative upon the basket ball team, and claim one of the best all round athletes in high school. They number among their classmates one who will surely be nothing less than president. They have a member who will soon be the mainstay of our first basket ball team. Among the weaker sex they have girls possessing, not only one good attribute, but some in whom beauty, talent and affability are harmoniously combined. And last, and perhaps also least, who shall say that they have not an able Historian? They are loyal to their class, but that loyalty is bounded by a deeper loyalty which is the common duty of every class—a steadfast devotion to the welfare of V. H. S.

"So here's a toast to the Sophs. of V. H. S.

Long life and prosperity, may their shadows never grow less."
(Miss Reynolds says this is Euphonious Metonomy.)

EDWIN SZOLD.

HISTORY OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

INTO that great temple of learning, through the broad halls of that new land, High School, across that huge Assembly room to the seats assigned us by those able instructors,—usually the seats on the other side of that monstrous room,—marched the Class of Nineteen Nineteen, on that bright autumn morning of that first great day. After that tiresome, strenuous journey we reached those huge seats, surrounded on all sides by those mysterious people, Juniors and Seniors who seemed to be enjoying themselves, nay were perfectly at home in the land.

Oh! the distance to that desk, and the assurance necessary to ascend to that platform. What drudgery ere we proved to be stars in Latin,—ask Miss Welty, our guide.

Deep into Algebra, English and Botany we were led by our teachers. We also mastered the art of making pies and cakes, not out of mud though, as we did in our freshman years of life, but out of real dough! not Uncle Sams' "dough" either. We toured all England and Scotland too, with Irving, Scott and Eliot.

Our class is not wanting in athletes who will surpass those of present fame. Nor do we lack musicians, artists or poets of renown. And if we continue our journey over this great land that has ceased to be new we shall some day be as brilliant as the Seniors of 1916. Don't you think so?

DELILAH RIDENBAUGH.

A FRESHMAN'S OPINION OF THE UPPER CLASSMEN.

'M A Freshman and I know it,
And it's like as not I show it,
For my greenness
Shows what class I'm in too soon;
And my heart goes hipsy-hopsy,
And my feet go flipsy-flopsy
When I cross the Assembly room.

Yes, the Sophomore is rather husky,
And his voice is deep and rusty,
While a hard geometry lesson
Taints his spirits 'most the time;
But he'll work out his graduation
In spite of all creation
Work and climb.

Yet I'd rather be a Senior,
A wise and brilliant Senior than a Junior
That, because he made a failure
Up and smashed poor freshie black and blue;
Counting all things in together,
I would ever so much rather,
Wouldn't you?

SARAH MARIMON.

THE FRESHMEN.

R. TOASTMASTER, Fellow Pupils, and our Guest of Honor: After a dinner in such good company we are all feeling so good that we do not want to hear anything sober, and as nothing makes us feel so superior as discussing our underclassmen, I have chosen for my subject, "The Freshmen."

We have not all had the good luck to be Latin sharks or English stars, or shining lights in Geometry, but we have all been Freshmen. Don't you remember how green we were and how bashful we felt when our class marched into the Assembly room, stared at by the Seniors, mocked by the Juniors, and continually hearing from this or that Sophomore, "This high school is getting to be a regular kindergarten!" And

can you ever forget the time when you entered the wrong class room and stumbled out again to the accompaniment of hand-clapping that sounded louder than thunder to your burning ears? Why, when we think of these things it doesn't seem possible that we have become the wise, sedate scholars of the English IV class, and we have to admit, wonderingly, that the little Freshmen in English I may come to be as wise as Oliver, or as dignified as Martha, or as superior as Arthur Steward! That "Oogie" Kaufman may become superintendent of Valparaiso schools, or Kathleen Dee a second Mary Pickford; and in this very class there may be a Miss Benney in-the-making. Such is life! And so with all respect and good will I propose the toast, To the Freshmen of 1915.

MARGERY ELLIS.

YE SENIORS.

HOULD you ask me, whence these Seniors
Whence these proud and learned Seniors
With the character of greatness
With the lofty mien of Caesars
With the eyes of glowing intellect
And the spirit of ruling people,
With the frequent calls of honor
And the laurels heaped upon them
As of many victories pended?
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the lower grades came we
From the first year high school came we
Even Sophomores have been we
Once the haughty Juniors were we,
But we've come to this glad ending
Where with tributes we are hailed
Only by our own hard efforts
I repeat it as I've learned it,
Only by our own hard efforts
Have we gained this height of splendor
This great, noble class of '16.

BESSIE WETTER.

WILL

I, THE Class of 1916, being of sound and disposing mind and memory do make public and declare this my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by me made. I desire that all my debts and graduating expenses be paid out of my estate.

From my Lola Albery estate, I will my excitable nature to Jason Runyan.

From my Hugh Blackney estate, I will my skill to entertain "one" and "only one" at the Senior parties, to Mr. B. F. Shafer.

From my Floyd Brown estate, I will my forwardness to Frank Wilson, knowing that he can profit thereby.

From my Margaret Campbell estate, I will my resemblance to Mary Pickford to Kathleen Dee.

From my Lucille Campbell estate, I will my aloofness to the Freshies hoping they can "get by with it."

From my Loring Casbon estate, I will my selection of ideal foot warmers in place of soap stones on lengthy rides, to Mr. Shafer.

From my Alma Curtis estate, I will my ability for concentration in the Assembly Room while Grace Wareham and Florence Atwell are present to Myron Peck.

From my Allen Dalrymple estate, I will my selection of class pins to Robert Winslow to save future class broils.

From my Evelyn Davidson estate, I will my skill on refreshment committees to anyone in the Junior class who endeavors to get up a "feed."

From my Martha Davidson estate, I will my vocabulary of slang words to Gretchen Specht.

From my Hudson Deardoff estate, I will my military carriage to Lieutenant Earl Sherwood.

From my Coit Dolhover estate, I will my place on the first team to Jess Pratt.

From my Edna Engel estate, I will my hair ribbons to Helen Felz, thereby enabling one to ascertain which direction she's traveling.

From my Mary Ewing estate, I will my bungling manner to Andy Dalrymple.

From my Herman Farris estate, I will my ability to "corner a molecule" to Albert Cloud, knowing that it will save him much confusion in Physics I.

From my Paul Findling estate, I will my ability to "kid" the girls to Dorland Bennett.

From my Clarence Gardner estate, I will a record of my flirtations to Bill Sergeant.

From my Herr Francis Gast estate, I will my devout loyalty to the German cause to Sir John Shatz.

From my Florence Greene estate, I will my enthusiasm over athletics to Helen Kull.

From my Donald Herrick estate, I will my popularity with Lillian Thaysen to Fred Shatz.

From my Wesley Hoffman estate, I will my flirtation with Florence Griffin to Max Specht or anyone else who needs recreation.

From my Margaret Holst estate, I will my anxiety for honorable mention in the will to Myrtle Claussen.

From my Joseph Horn estate, I will my extensive knowledge of Geometry III (how to bluff them), to Ray Stubbs.

From my Lorraine Hughes estate, I will my surplus admirers to Irene Groves, keeping my Purdue helpmate for myself.

From my Gurdon Huntington estate, I will my ability as a rabbit hunter on Friday afternoons to Frederic Arvin.

From my Archie Keene estate, I will my ideas of Senior class parties to the class of 1999.

From my Mary Keene estate, I will my noisy and disturbing characteristics to Clifford Groome, hoping that from now on he will not be overworked.

From my Kathryn Kirkpatrick estate, I will my ability as a charmer to Ruth Parks.

From my Dorothy Lembke estate, I will my habit of sleeping in classes to Lucille Campbell.

From my Bruce Loring estate, I bequeath my place on the first team to Esther Clapper, knowing that she is deserving.

From my Helen McDonald estate, I do bequeath my uncontrollable frivolity to Gretchen Marquardt.

From my Irene McWhinney estate, I will my skill to typewrite notes to Allan Nelson, to Dorothy Vanemon.

From my Sarah Marimon estate, I bestow upon Ruth Bennett my coquettish ways.

From my Herman Marquardt estate, I will my yellow shirt to the U. S. government for a small pox quarantine signal.

From my William Morthland estate, I will my determination to argue in class to Lola Albery.

From my Deforest Muster estate, I will my complete knowledge of Chemistry to Irene Ball, that she may graduate in the class of '17.

From my Allan Nelson estate, I will my anonymous notes written to a select few in the Senior class, to Luther Block.

From my Frances Powers estate, I will my complete knowledge of American Literature to Mary Arden Crumpacker to pull her through English VIII.

From my Charles Reagan estate, I will my anxiety to purchase Senior Xmas presents at Woolworth's, because of the attractive clerks, to Forest Jones.

From my Coral Ruth estate, I will my superfluous height to Earl Themanson, trusting that with this additional stature, he can hold his own.

From my Lillian Sayers estate, I will my habit of chewing gum to Helen Dean, therefore making her to take on the air of a regular stenographer.

From my Lily Shinabarger estate, I will my conversational powers to Letha Kilbourne.

From my Raymond Shurr estate, I will my skill as class president to Max Evans.

From my Niles Smith estate, I will my slender physique to Harry Albe.

From my Louis Stendahl estate, I will my perfect figure to George Bennett.

From my LeeElla Steward estate, I will my aristocratic bearing to Lynnet Casbon.

From my Lila Tanner estate, I will my assuredness of graduation to Coit Dolhover.

From my Anna Tofte estate, I will my huge and vigorous baritone to Helen Wark, that she may be heard in the basement when communicating in the hall.

From my Bessie Wetter estate, I bequeath one of my most coquettish smiles to Tom Johnson.

From my Florence Wheeler estate, I will my bustling attitude to Bernard Szold.

From my Mary Weichert estate, I will my industriousness to Dolly Huddleston.

From my Kenyon Wyckoff estate, I will my jitney bus service in Hebron to Earl Smith, trusting that from now on Edna will have time to recuperate.

KATHRYN KIRKPATRICK.

SOCIETY.

LL you need now days to be
Up in gee and society,
Is to learn just how to dance,
Waltz or two-step or to prance.

There's nothin' to it any more
It's gittin' to be a regular bore,
Many men and women too,
Of wealth have tried it through and through.

It doesn't pay the learned say,
To keep it up day after day;
For life was made for those who work,
Rather than the ones who shirk.

So if enjoyment is desired
By those who feel that they are tired,
Just settle down and help to win
The world from darkness and from sin.

ARCHIE KEENE.

CLASS PROPHECY.

Supposedly written 30 years from 1916.

The class of 1916 requests the pleasure of your company at a class reunion and banquet June the first, Nineteen Hundred and Forty-Six, at seven o'clock. Y. M. C. A. Building.

DO YOU suppose they will all come back for this affair?'' asked Prof. Hoffman of Dr. Shurr.

''That's what's troubling me, Wes, for I remember way back in '16 when anything was proposed the class was apt to do just the opposite, and as President I was usually up in the air as to how to proceed.''

''Well, we have made the venture; let's hope it will be a success.'' ''Yes,'' picking up the stack of envelopes, ''a great success—here's to the class of '16.''

There was much excitement on the night of the banquet, for this was to be a reunion of the greatest class ever graduated from V. H S. Six of their number had played on the Northern Indiana champion basket ball team. The editorial staff had put out an annual which at that time was considered a wonder. They had furnished a basket ball team that won the championship of their district. And last but not least, more of their number had in later years attained distinction than any other body of V. H. S. graduates.

As the company took their places at the long table there was a noticeable restraint among them, as if they were strangers and a little afraid of each other, but this gradually wore off as the meal progressed.

At the head of the table sat the comely Dr. Shurr, who had become one of the best known dentists in the state. On his left sat the talkative Mrs. Dodge, formerly Kathryn Kirkpatrick, a little heavier perhaps, but just as accomplished in the line of small talk as she had ever been. The place at the president's right was graced by Capt. Gardner resplendent in a brand new uniform, those not remembering ''Goldie'' at once, recognized him by the gleam of his hair.

Next to Mrs. Dodge, apparently interested in what she was saying, sat Paul Findling, Physical Director of Notre Dame, who had received his appointment thru Referee Miller of South Bend. Their friendship dated back to the South Bend-Valpo game which Miller refereed. ''Heinie'' proved that he still retained his old fear of the weaker sex by having the appearance of a man sitting on pins.

On the same side sat Lola Albery, Latin teacher in the V. H. S., Floyd Brown, Pres. of the V. & N. air line, (it will be remembered that he got his start as a mere agent), Hugh Blackney, head bookkeeper at

Marshall Field & Co.'s, Mrs. Ben Shafer, formerly Martha Davidson, Rev. Loring Casbon, positive as ever in his opinions, Miss Mary Ewing, head of a large girls' seminary in New York, Mrs. Clarence Gardner, formerly Florence Greene, Alderman Francis Gast, and Lorraine Hughes, novelist, all gayly recalling old events and comical incidents of their senior year.

A man of huge stature had taken the seat next to Lorraine and was attracting much attention, for this was no less than Mike Farris, the "white hope" who had wrested the world's championship from the son of the famous "Jack Johnson." He completely overshadowed the timid Miss Lucille Campbell next to him, who after twenty years was still so afraid of a man that the very presence of Mike embarrassed her to such a degree that she could hardly eat.

Next in line came: Archie Keene, expert accountant for a firm in Chicago, Mrs. Joseph Horn, formerly Evelyn Davidson, Deforest Muster, architect, Mrs. Muster—Lillian Sayers of old, Kenyon Wyckoff, retired farmer, Mrs. Findling, formerly Bessie Wetter, Gen. William Morthland, and Helen McDonald, the renowned juggler, who got the start for her career at the first senior party; this group was especially noticeable on account of its hilarity.

Perfectly quiet and completely engrossed in his meal the Hon. B. B. Loring was attracting very little attention, a fact which caused much wonderment on the part of the guests, for as they remembered "Ham" he was absolutely guaranteed not to be still for an instant. At his side, making up for his lack of loquacity, sat Mrs. Herman Marquardt, Sarah Marimon, still possessing the same gift of speech which characterized her of old. The famous artist, Allan Nelson, displayed his artistic sense by paying close attention to everything that Mrs. Marquardt said.

All alone between the Principal of the Liberty Township H. S., Florence Wheeler, and Mrs. Kenyon Wyckoff,—Mary Weichert, sat a man who used to be afraid of the shadow of a girl, but who now seemed perfectly at home between these fair ones. It was the wealthy contractor and builder, Gurdon Huntington, who had made his fortune out west and recently returned to his native state to settle down and enjoy his luck.

The famous stock broker next in line needed no introduction to any of them. He was known all over the country as one of the most successful business men of his time, and was no other than Herman Marquardt. He was talking to a lady who had obtained much distinction during the German-American War as a Red Cross nurse—Margaret Holst.

The celebrated pitcher for the Cubs, Donald Herrick, was busily expounding the mysteries of his fade-away ball to Mrs. Frederick, Coral Ruth. Mrs. Hugh Blackney, Lily Shinabarger, and Mrs. Deardoff, LeeElla Steward, were also listening intently to their old time hero—Don.

Mary Keene was waxing eloquent over her method of teaching Domestic Science, to which Prof. Hoffman was lending a willing ear.

The tall distinguished looking man next to Mary seemed to be enjoying his meal and to have no desire to join in the conversation of the table. Anna Tofte, B. B. Loring's Private Sec., who sat next to the gray haired gentleman, did not rest until she found out that he was Louis Stendahl, floor-walker at the Hub. She made a desperate effort to attract his attention and was awarded by a few grunts and smiles.

Niles Smith, the head of the United States Agricultural Bureau, was telling of his life work to Mrs. Stendahl, formerly Lila Tanner, and she was explaining to him how she had happened to marry Louis.

At the foot of the table sat one of the best known men in the state—Charles Reagan, Ex. editor-in-chief of the Annual, a political boss who controlled practically, the politics of Indiana. At his left, gazing admiringly at him was Mrs. Reagan, Asst. Ed. of the Annual—Frances Powers. Capt. Hudson Deardoff of the Fire Dept., nearly expired with curiosity as to the identity of Mrs. Allan Nelson, who sat next to him, and finding out that she was Irene McWhinney almost lost him his appetite.

The head lady of the corset department at Lowenstines' store, Margaret Campbell, was busily engaged in an argument on "Women's Rights" with Allen Dalrymple, author of "The Advantage of Teaching Other Languages in High School than Latin." Miss Campbell had just made the statement that she had no faith in any man, and he was proceeding to show her where she was wrong.

Coit Dolhover, despite the fact that he had arrived late and had lost his overcoat in the shuffle, was calmly relating his former prowess in basketball to Edna Engel, and was laying it on so thick that the rich Meat Magnate next to her, Joseph Horn, was completely disgusted and commenced to relate his victories on the track team, much to the delight of Dorothy Lembke, Prof. of Math. at Chesterton.

True to Doctor Shurr's prophecy the class had done what might have least been expected of them and were present from the largest to the least. Prof. Hoffman and the genial doctor might well congratulate themselves on their happy thought of bringing together the famous class of 1916.

FINIS.

ALLEN L. DALRYMPLE.

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GENEALOGY DEP'T.

SOCIETY.

SOCIETY.

THE Class of Nineteen Sixteen, V. H. S., gave its "Coming Out" party in the spring of '15 when it entertained the Seniors of that year at an enjoyable feast and games at Flint Lake. The success of that occasion stamped the class as royal hosts, and the faculty and class looked forward to a brilliant social season during the year 1915-'16. All who have attended the functions this year admit that they have had the time of their lives at the many pleasant parties and spreads which have filled the social calendar.

The ball was started rolling early in the year when Frances Powers invited the "bunch" out for a "weenie roast" at her home on November fifth. The evening was somewhat cold but the sizzling "weenies" put lots of "pep" into everybody. When the fire died down games were played in the house and refreshments were served by Miss Frances, aided by her sister Florence.

After this fine start the class hired the K. C. Hall for the twenty-fourth of November and again regaled themselves with games and eats. Charles Reagan carried off the honors of the evening and was presented with a handsome "flivver" as a prize.

The Christmas party, December twenty-eighth, was the next bright spot of the year and the many games and contests were carried to a successful conclusion with the able aid of Miss Welty who acted as mistress of ceremonies. Several culinary prodigies were revealed at this time and nobody who ate Don Herrick's cake or Floyd Brown's popcorn balls, would have known that they were not the products of the most expert of Miss Bartholomew's domestic science pupils. The Christmas tree, with a present for everybody on it, wound up the evening's festivities for all except a few of the more nimble footed who stayed and danced 'til midnight. The members of the class were privileged to bring out of town guests to this party and the following are some of the alumni that were present: Walter Lloyd, Joseph Bradley, Sanford Campbell, and Holmes Martin.

At the beginning of the second semester a party was given to those taking part in the Oratorical Contest, February eighth. A roast beef dinner was prepared by the girls and served by the boys. Everyone left that evening with "that satisfied feeling."

March twenty-first was the date of the next gathering of the class, when the Misses Kathryn Kirkpatrick, Margaret Campbell, LeeElla Steward, and Irene McWhinney were the hostesses at the home of the first named. This was a Leap Year party so the girls "took" the boys. There will be no excuse for any of the boys remaining single, for the girls, 'tis said, proposed that night to every boy there. Games and refreshments were the entertainment of the evening.

Following close on the wake of this affair, began a series of parties for the champion basket ball team, of which the most brilliant was that given by Superintendent and Mrs. Boucher at Schelling's. The entire Senior class and faculty united to do honor to the team which has brought great honor to the V. H. S. "How Molly Malone Made Good" was the picture presented by Manager Schelling. In the Rose Room after the show, games and contests were in order, in which Raymond Shurr, Lily Shinabarger, Allen Dalrymple and Edna Engel carried off the prizes. Delicious refreshments were served and again everyone enjoyed himself to the utmost.

Later the team was entertained successively by Jim Albe, the Apollo Club, Judge and Mrs. H. H. Loring and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Jessee; and it may be said here that the boys deserved every bit of honor given them for they have upheld through the year those traditions for clean playing which has always been characteristic of the V. H. S. team.

This concludes the entertainments given so far by our class and it is the regret of the Society Editor that she will not be able to record the many good times co-incident with the graduation exercises in May. As Wordsworth has said:

"What Days and what bright Years! Ah me!
Our life were life indeed with Thee."

LORRAINE HUGHES.

EVERY KNOCK IS A BOOST.

OUR class is full of wonderful boys,
To all the teachers they are a joy,
But some are so handsome
They need to be mentioned;
Oh, this Senior class full of such boys!

There is a young lad named Don,
You can always find him up town,
He takes care of our money
Whenever we have any;
This good looking chap called Don.

Mike Marquardt's a boy in our school,
And 'tis said he obeys every rule, (nit)
He studies by day
And he studies by night,
And to Miss Irene he is a delight.

There is also a boy called Charlie,
And 'tis true he is very witty,
He's got a wise head
'Cause he goes early to bed;
This bright little fellow called Charlie.

Alas, for the good natured Keene,
Whom the girls consider a dream,
Whose oral book reports
Make Miss Benney at a loss
To know how to grade Archie Keene.

But "Bill" is noted for imaginary stuff,
He goes after things in a way which seems rough,
But he's sure to win out
As to his brains there's no doubt;
And he's sincere, 'though he may try to bluff.

And Wesley's good at love-story writing,
He knows—cause he's taken the girls out riding;
But he's still very young
And we hope he won't go round
So free and careless, when he's older.

There are many others worthy of note,
But it takes brains to think of this dope,
So now I will quit
And end this up quick,
For I've got to the end of my rope.

CORAL RUTH.

MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT.

IT WAS a very warm day in summer and unusually so in Chicago. I hurried through my shopping in order to catch the three-fifteen train out to one of the suburbs. As I climbed aboard the train I noticed that there were others who had hurried like myself, to get away from the hot, noisy city. I also observed that all the seats were occupied. I put my suit case down and clung to a strap. Near me sat a big fat man in his shirt sleeves, perspiring profusely. Just then the elevated train rounded a curve and our coach gave a mad lurch. The next instant I landed securely in the fat man's lap. Startled I exclaimed, "Well **forever more!**"..."**I** shall **hope Not!**" the fat man replied energetically.

SARAH MARIMON.

* * *

A SHORT time ago I entered Heineman and Siever's drug store to change a reserved seat at the Opera House, in order that I might sit near one of my girl friends at the play that evening. I was with a crowd of girls and as we entered we were busily discussing the names of certain people we knew and what we had always wished our names might have been. We were still laughing and talking about the subject, when a clerk in the store walked up to me and asked if I wanted something. With my mind still on the subject of names, I looked up and said quickly, "Yes, would you mind changing my name?"

ALMA CURTIS.

* * *

THE train had just stopped at the depot, where I was to get off. I expected to be met by a distant relative. A young man approached me, who answered the description his mother had given me of him. As he drew near he shouted, "Are you my cousin from Valpo?" and I shouted, "I presume you are cousin Lansing from Lawrence." Then he shouted, "This way to the car." Everybody's eyes were following us, when I shouted to him that I was not deaf, and he said, "Neither am I." Then it dawned upon us both that a huge joke had been played on us by his mother, who I discovered was always up to something of the sort.

FLORENCE WHEELER.

MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT.

I EXPERIENCED my most embarrassing moment one Fourth of July while at the Polk Street Railroad Station in Chicago. A friend and I had ridden from Valpo in an immigrant train carrying Russians and many other mixtures of foreign nationalities. When the train arrived in Chicago, all the exit gates were closed because all immigrants had to be checked and examined before leaving. As a result Joe and I were huddled in with the immigrants and it was then that we felt very much embarrassed to think that we were not recognized. Joe and I soon discovered an open window leading into the waiting room of the station and began to climb through it hoping to escape, but were driven back by a scrub woman who of course thought that we were no better nor different from the others. At last I hunted up an official, explained our predicament, and he immediately released us from the company of our European brethren.

HUDSON DEARDOFF.

* * *

A SMALL cousin was visiting us. At dinner I made a false statement concerning some matter under discussion. I was corrected and said that I did not see how I happen to make that "mistake." Little Lucy, shortly afterwards, told a falsehood and was severely reprimanded by her mother. Instantly she turned to her father, and with a sob in her throat said clearly and distinctly, "Bid folks make mi'takes, little dirls tell 'tories." Such a rebuke was exceedingly embarrassing, especially as we had a number of guests.

FRANCES POWERS.

* * *

I WAS visiting my aunt whose home was also the home of a twenty year old cousin of mine. I had never seen him, although the difference in our ages was only about three years, because he had attended school at a different place from early childhood.

After supper we were trying to out do each other in tricks. I remembered that old fashioned trick of measuring your arms and then slapping your opponent's face. I thought he was not quite as long armed as I, so suggested to him that we try that "stunt." Immediately I saw my mistake for his arm was quite a bit longer than mine. Thinking I should avert the catastrophe of having my nose knocked off by his powerful fist, I cried, "But let me hold your hand." It was out before I thought; also I was out of the room in less time than it takes to tell it.

BESSIE WETTER.

ORATORY.

IT HAS been the aim of our high school to send forth from this institution students who are not embarrassed, doubtful, stammering and afraid to recite or speak in public. Everyone who has had any experience whatsoever along this line knows that it is of the very greatest importance to overcome any such fear or nervousness. No one, after he has gone to college or even into the business world wants to be hampered by diffidence in public speaking. Among the high school students many feel it a great hardship to be required to speak in public. However these students will be benefited more than they can realize. It is not always the things we like to do that do us the most good and people of high school age do not always know what is best for them.

Public speaking becomes more popular each year in our high school. It is studied in the English Department with much interest on the part of the students. Debates upon current topics and discussions of interesting subjects are held often in the classrooms. Each student is required to appear before the public at least once a term. Until this year, about once a month literary programs were given in which the students took part. These programs have been discontinued but our new superintendent has introduced something the students like better, chapel, each morning from 8:50 to 9:00. The students take part in these exercises.

Each year the Seniors are required to write orations, the subjects of which each chooses for himself. These are delivered either at a public contest before the student body or in the classroom before the class. A large number are always delivered in the classroom, one may be sure. A few venture to go into the contest. Those who gave their orations in the contest this year were: Frances Gast, Herman Marquardt, LeeElla Steward, Florence Greene, Alma Curtis, Allen Dalrymple, Hudson Deardoff, Niles Smith and Lila Tanner. The judges were University teachers. They awarded the first place among the boys to Allen, whose subject was "Preparedness." The first place among the girls was given to Lila, whose subject was "Failure or Success?" To each winner the school gave a five dollar gold piece.

We Seniors hope the students now in high school will realize the benefit of the work in public speaking and take advantage of the opportunity they have.

LILA TANNER.

PREPAREDNESS.

ORE than three hundred years ago our Pilgrim fathers set foot upon the shores of this vast unexplored continent, strangers in a strange land. Fighting cold, starvation, wild beasts and wilder men, they displayed a cheerfulness and faith in the Most High that to us seems incredible. They were pouring out their life blood for freedom, for themselves and their posterity, struggling for a government where all men might be free and equal, where none should ever be oppressed. For this sacred heritage of ours, the brawn of sturdy peasantry and the flower of Europe's chivalry together, fought, bled and died on red run battle fields in the name of liberty,—liberty which is ours to-day, bought by the lives of our noble forefathers. Shall we then subject that precious trust to danger or shall we imperil its future by a mere lack of foresight?

The original thirteen states have spread across a continent to which have gathered all the peoples of the earth. We are indeed the "heirs of all the ages." In the words of Sec. Lane, "Our Inheritance of tradition is greater than that of any other people, for we trace back not alone to King John signing the Magna Charta in that little stone hut at Runnymede, but to Brutus, standing beside the slain Caesar, to Charles Martel with his battle axe raised against the advancing horde of an old world civilization, to Martin Luther declaring his square jawed policy of religious liberty, to Columbus in the prow of his boat crying to his disheartened crew, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"

Irishman, Greek, Slav and Sicilian, all the nations of the world, have poured their hope, their ideals and their history into this great melting pot, and the product will be——in fact is a civilization that is new, in the sense that it is the blend of many and yet is as old as the Egyptians.

Surely the real tradition of such a people is not any one way of doing a certain thing, certainly not any one set and unalterable plan of procedure in affairs, nor even any fixed phrase expressive of a general philosophy, unless it comes from the universal heart of this strange new people. Why are we here? What is our purpose? What is the right course to follow? Shall we not prepare our country in order that she may more efficiently protect our wonderful birthright of liberty?

Competition in numbers, energy and ability makes efficiency absolutely necessary to success among nations as well as individuals. The terrible war that now holds the great nations of the world within its grasp, the appalling sacrifice of life and property, the paralysis of industrial pursuits, the bitterness of grief in desolated homes, the fervid valor with which individuals lay down their lives for their reciprocal duties of citizenship and state, all bring out with startling clearness the necessity for a wonderfully complex system of military preparedness.

Changed conditions now existing throughout the world demand a state of military preparedness and it is for us of this day to prove that this preparedness shall be a source of national safety. The genius of invention has altered all the essential conditions of a few years ago. Time and space are being rapidly annihilated. Distance can be measured only by time and in this light no nation is widely separated from another. The ocean is but a highway of travel and commerce, with a time-table almost as accurate as those of our transcontinental railroads. Daily the world grows smaller and nations formerly but little known to each other now rub elbows in the march of civilization. Speaking broadly our Atlantic seaboard is within a fortnight's reach of the armed camps of Europe. Our citizens in the pursuit of pleasure, business or education have traveled into all lands. Commercial activity pays no attention to geographical boundaries and the product of American manufactories is found in every market. So that in our information, our pleasures, and our business affairs, we are not essentially separated from any nation. Socially, industrially, commercially the wide world is almost a unit.

If your love of country has become a bit pale, read again of the men who died at Bunker Hill and starved and froze at Valley Forge. If your loyalty has become a bit less vivid, go back over history, read again the story of those who gave their lives that you and yours might have the benefits you are enjoying to-day. These traditions are a sacred trust in your hands. You should know them by heart. You should feel them. You should live by them and if need be you should die for them. Read again the life of George Washington, and as you recall anew the story of his heroic devotion, as your heart is gripped by the tale of his splendid sacrifices, as you sense again his greatness, which the whole world recognizes and which grows as the years recede, ponder these words of his address to congress in seventeen hundred ninety-three. Remember how much he had been thru before he uttered those words. Remember how he loved his country. Remember what her vision must have meant to him. "I cannot recommend to your notice measures for the fulfillment of our duties to the rest of the world without again pressing upon you the necessity of placing ourselves in a condition of complete defense. There is a rank due the United States among nations which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be shown that we are at all times ready for war."

Read your histories. Read again the lives of the men who have made America great. It will turn pale water into red blood. Finally when your heart is washed clean for sacrifice, when your soul has again caught the vision which inspired the fathers, when the passion for service grips you and the hunger to dedicate yourself gnaws you, go with the immortal Lincoln to Gettysburg and listen to his solemn words as from the depths of his great and shriven soul he pours out in matchless phrasing the sacred aspiration of his people, rededicating them to "the

unfinished task'' to the vision of freedom that shall not perish from the earth.

''Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

''Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting place of those who gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we do this.

''But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather than the dead to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion, that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall under God have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.''

Words that should burn deep in our memory were spoken by Dr. Howard Bell when he estimated the price of military unpreparedness. He had seen England paying in her hospitals thru a year of war. And he prayed God his own country might never have to pay such a price. Better an armed camp of our own than an armed camp of another nation. Belgium is an armed camp—not her own. Serbia is an armed camp—not her own. And let it not be forgotten that one hundred and one years ago our capitol saw itself an armed camp—and not her own. And what men have done men may do again, when those whose duty it is to prevent wrong doing are taken unawares and found **unprepared.**

ALLEN L. DALRYMPLE.

FAILURE OR SUCCESS?

VERY often it requires heroic courage to face fruitless effort, to stand boldly before defeat and proceed undaunted on our way. But what to our eyes seems hopeless effort may be often but the dawning of a greater success. It may be the success which does not bless an individual life alone, but achieves its crown in the social advancement of the race. As we look back upon our past do we not have reason to give thanks for much that at the time seemed failure? Have not the buffetings of defeat often lent a strength and vigor to our hearts such as the successful days never brought? There is no honest and true work carried along with constant and true purpose that ever really fails. It sometimes may seem to be wasted effort but the secret of our failures will throw light on our future successes.

What is failure? What is success? Success is what we make it; likewise failure is what we make it. High ideals and noble efforts will make seeming failures but trifles; they need not dishearten us; they should prove sources of new vigor. Birds cannot fly best with the wind but against it; ships do not progress in a calm when the sails flap idly against the masts. So is it with man. He who rubs up against hardships, failures and stumbling blocks is the man who is more strengthened and more capable of making a success than he who lives an easy life. Failure is the foundation of success. How many times have we heard this repeated, "Those failures were the best things in the world that could have happened to me." If a man in a few instances can say that, should he not face new failures with undaunted courage, trusting that the unexpected may arise again in the form of stepping stones?

Success is often termed "making good"! It seems to apply to a larger number of people; it does not seem so elevated as Success! However in the words of Robert Browning, "What a man would do—exalts him." That is, success holds on to a man who holds on to success until it finally raises him to its own level. We all find our best moments in some form or other of rapturous visions, some find theirs in books—in friendships—in prayer and in moments spent around the fireside—success in life is to know these moments when they come and coax them to repeat themselves. In the lines of Robert Herrick we have the same thought, "Gather ye rose buds while ye may, old time is still flying." If you but "Think the good, look for the good, give out the good, then all the good you deserve will come to you."

Success is not doing what we want to do. Our highest hopes are often destroyed to prepare us for better things. The alchemists of old failed to change the baser metals into gold; nevertheless their failure resulted in the birth of chemistry. They did not succeed in what they attempted but they brought to light the natural processes of distillation,

filtration, elevation and crystalization; they invented the retort, the sand-bath, the water-bath and other valuable instruments. To them is due the discovery of antimony, sulphuric ether, and phosphorus. This was success out of failure, a mighty lesson of strength and encouragement if man would only realize and accept it.

Life is a successive unfolding of success from failure. Failure is one of God's educators. We all fail in some thing or other in our life. We fail to conquer our first term of Latin, algebra or geometry here in school, but are we not better prepared to conquer these subjects the following term? Have we not found our weaknesses and learned how to overcome them? We have also learned in our American History how Columbus failed absolutely, in discovering America. His reasonings and experiments led him to believe that by sailing westward he would reach India. He did not reach India, the cargo of "souvenirs" he took back to Spain to show to Ferdinand and Isabella as proofs of his success, really gave proof of his failure. But was not the discovery of America a far greater success than the finding of a back door to India?

Whether a man has wealth or lives in poverty, failure or success counts for little when it is past. There is but one question for him to answer, to face honestly, alone with his conscience, "How will I let poverty or wealth affect me?" It is the weak man who does not stand against defeat. It is the strong and great men who face defeat and proceed on their way. There are only two kinds of men who stay down if they ever get down—dead men and quitters. Dwight L. Moody has said, "The best of men and the most earnest workers will make enough mistakes to make them humble. Thank God for mistakes and take courage, don't give up on account of mistakes."

Mistakes are often termed failures. No man's life can be counted a success or failure from one standpoint, at least not until his life is run. Life is not really what comes to us, but what we make of it. Too often men are criticized unduly:

"Judge Not."

Judge not, the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see,
For what to thy dim eyes may seem a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar brought from some well worn field
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

And judge none lost; but wait and see
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height and pain
And love and glory, that may raise
This soul to God in after days.

LILA TANNER.

THE AMERICAN ADMINISTRATION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

EVER since the battle of Manila, which left us in possession of the Philippine Islands after paying to Spain a consideration of $20,000,000, the question has constantly been kept before us, "What shall we do with them?" Several ways out of the difficulty present themselves—we might sell the Islands to some foreign power; we might establish a protectorate over them; we might grant them independence; or lastly we might retain a permanent possession over them. The only phase of the question which concerns us here however, is that of Independence, coupled with that of retaining a permanent possession. Now the amount of material on a subject which has been an essential plank in the platform of our two great political parties in three presidential campaigns is necessarily very great but we shall consider only those arguments which deal directly with the stated subject.

The Treaty of Paris, signed on Dec. 10, 1898, was ratified in the Senate of the U. S. on Feb. 6, 1899, and in the Spanish Cortes on the 11th of April in the same year. The United States, therefore has exercised quite sixteen years of sovereignty over the Islands. What has been accomplished in those sixteen years has been pointed to with pride by Ex. President Taft, by his subordinates and by the greater number of friendly visitors, as a magnificent achievement of American ideals, its record the proudest page in American History.

In the appointment of Francis Burton Harrison as governor-general of the Philippines in 1913, the question of our Philippine policy, which had already formed the dominant issue of one presidential campaign, came again conspicuously to the front. Along with this appointment came the announcement of a new policy, which is described in the none too definite phrase of bending every energy for Independence. The Jones Bill providing for the complete independence of the Filipino at the expiration of eight years, was again before Congress. It had already passed the Democratic House and was therefore declared to be the ensuing Democratic policy. The President, however, had not committed himself to it as yet and openly declared his intention of not doing so until the present governor-general, who was as Taft was at the time of his appointment an anti-imperialist, had made his recommendations. Meanwhile numerous rumors of this impending change of policy excited various feelings throughout the Islands.

Of the seven millions of Christianized, but semi-civilized Filipinos, only 250,000 were qualified for voting last year or about three per cent of the entire population.

Then into the tame discussion of our policy, a bomb, startling some, but entirely upsetting others, was thrown by the Secretary of the Interior for the Islands. Slavery, he says, still exhists in the Is-

lands, exists in Manila itself, exists even in the households of members of the Philipine Assembly. It not only exists, but in territory adjacent to that inhabited by the Negritoes, it is not uncommon to obtain children by capture or purchase, and to hold them as slaves, selling them whenever it proves financially advantageous to do so. Then, do these Filipinos, this three per cent of qualified voters want Independence in order that they may practice human slavery, without fear of suppression? These and other equally startling disclosures certainly must cause a decided halt in the agitation for granting Independence.

But without questioning these disclosures, our most noteworthy diplomats have scented a political trick. Now, are these seven millions of semi-civilized Filipinos, hungering and craving, some in their ignorance of superstition even falling on their faces and worshipping impious idols, in order that they may share in the glorious uplifting movements which America has offered them, are these human beings going to be sacrificed and degraded simply that a few politicians may enrich and glorify themselves with unbounded power? That some one political policy may be inaugurated in undisputed sway over this mass of unlearned people? Surely the answer, the only one which we can justify must be evident to all of you as liberty-loving citizens of the United States. But we must go back to our discussion of Philippine advancement under American supervision.

What American occupation has already done for the Philippines is of renewed interest just now. Quoting the statistical reports filed in Washington, D. C.,—deaths from small-pox have been reduced from 40,000 to a few hundreds a year; Asiatic cholera has been eliminated, the number of lepers being reduced from 30,000 to 3,000, bubonic and puenmatic plagues and numerous other diseases common to the natives have either been stamped out entirely or reduced to very small proportions. Some of the savages who were dwelling in tree-tops when we came there are now building houses and roads and tilling farms. But the leading place among all the civilizing elements which we have introduced into the Islands, is given by Frederick Chamberlain, the most prominent and authoritative man on the subject, not to sanitation, not to education, not to industrial training, but to athletics and especially baseball.

The first game of baseball ever witnessed by the Islanders was played between teams of our Soldiers in 1898. In the few years since that time the sport has become engrafted into the Filipino taste as firmly as in that of the American schoolboy. What is the result?—The most notable properties are the increased manliness and self-respect shown by all who enter into these contests. The accustomed hollow, narrow, and thin, flat chest, which was the mark of the more civilized Filipino is being replaced by the firmer and broader torso of the athlete. In 1911 the contest of championship was fought out by 482 baseball clubs in about 1200 games! Actual measurements show that the young Filipino is fast becoming more robust and healthy and increased in stature over their fathers.

But despite the hygienic movements, despite the crowded schools, despite the increasing commerce of the Islands, the Philippines are yet far from a condition to stand alone before the world as an independent nation. This is the opinion of everyone who has studied the Islands at close range and reported their observations to the American public. There is now no secure standing room among the nations of to-day for an independent semi-civilized people. There is no place for the Filipino, except as attached to a strong civilized race. No state can be neutralized unless it has an ordered and approved government capable of giving protection and security to the property and lives of aliens. For the United States to grant the Philippines Independence, and then to guarantee security to aliens would be, we all concede, a political absurdity. Quoting Mr. Bishop of Manila, "Independence within the next forty years, if it were possible, would mean a return of the people to their native dialects and the abolition of the existing system of instruction. After this the forces of ancient traditions would reassert themselves without effective opposition." The result would be that all foreign capital would be withdrawn and progress cease or foreign capitalists would control the government. To abandon the Philippines at this crisis would be to acquire the discredit of having destroyed the forces which have given the Islanders an impulse toward civilization, and then left them either to become subject to some less liberal power or to drift back into pure and simple barbarism.

But to take the words of a distinguished Filipino citizen who has held high offices and knows the condition of his fellow men better than foreign observers can—"We are still a dependent people. Spain brought us our religion to which we have added nothing, nor have Filipinos ever attained high place in the church. We have been devout Christians for about three centuries but have sent no missionaries to our heathen neighbors. Instead we are a part of the great mission field. We have in Manila, Spanish universities older than either Harvard or Yale—we have contributed nothing to education and no graduates are able to hold higher than intermediate positions in the educational system America has introduced here. We have invented nothing nor have we improved any foreign inventions which we use. We build no ships. There is no Filipino trade merchant of any repute and no Filipino bank. The world has yet to know the Filipino painter, sculptor or musician. We have produced one painter, Juan Tunar and a few distinguished lawyers, but we have no railroad builders, no engineers, no architects. Foreigners have done everything to encourage and develop art and literature here and to give us a standard of ideals, and they must continue to do so for some time at least if we are to continue to make progress in civilization."

Now then, can we disregard the comment on a people made by one of their very own number? Can we as progressive American citizens cast aside the statements or arguments of the one Filipino who has distinguished himself so as to compete with our celebrated American and English jurists? What America is accomplishing is undoubtedly with-

out parallel in the world's history and it is being done entirely at Filipino expense. Americans have never paid for the construction of a Philippine school house, hospital or road, nor have Americans ever contributed a cent towards the salaries of many American teachers or other employees in the Islands. Not in the present generation but in the generation that is now growing into manhood do we find hope for the future of the Filipinos. We found them a nation of invalids. Round shoulders, a shuffling gait are still characteristic of the Filipino; but in the baseball playing youngsters who are growing up to be the future rulers of the country, lie the foundations of a sturdy, manly and industrious race. These youngsters are the ones who are learning the English language and for the first time in its history, there is now in the country a class of young Filipinos able to do useful things with their hands and who are proud of it. All this advancement and all promise for the future would be lost by granting the Islands Independence.

We have established a government with effective and honest executive departments and a clean and fearless administration of justice; we have created and are maintaining a comprehensive school system which is educating the youth of the Islands in English as a common language and in industrial branches; we have incited the construction of invaluable government works, roads, harbors and public buildings; we have induced the private construction of over 8,000 miles of railroad; we have policed the Islands until a condition of peace and safety prevails never before known in their history. But it is most unlikely that with the great mass of ignorance—almost ninety per cent—to deal with, our responsibility will be at an end and the Islands ready for absolute independence for many years to come. If the task we have undertaken is higher than that assumed by other nations, its accomplishment must demand so much the more patience. It takes time and experience to ingrain political habits of steadiness and efficiency. Popular government must ultimately rest upon common habits of thought and a reasonably developed public opinion. No such foundation for self-government, let alone independence, are yet present in the Philippines. Only three per cent of the Filipinos vote and only five per cent ever read the public press. To confer independence on them now would be to subject the great mass of the people to the dominance of an oligarchical, very small and probably exploiting minority, Such a course would be suicidal,—as cruel to them as it would be shameful to us.

Our only course is to pursue steadily and courageously the path we have thus far followed; to guide the Filipino into self-sustaining pursuits; to continue the civilization of sound political habits; to encourage the diversification of industries, at once checking the dangers of concentrated wealth and building up a sturdy, independent citizenship. We should do this with the disinterested endeavor to secure for them economic independence and the ability to decide for themselves, eventually, whether self-government shall be accomplished by political independence.

A present declaration by us even of some future date for independ-

ence would at once retard all progress by the dissention and disorder it would arouse. While on our part it would be only a disingenuous attempt, under guise of conferring a favor on them, to relieve ourselves of the burden, it would leave the helpless Filipino the football of Oriental politics, under a guarantee of independence which it would cost us much money and effort to enforce without the useful supervision we now exercise.

Thus, while the proposition to take the Philippines was serious, and a responsibility which we only assumed after grave consideration and upon a carefully arranged policy, the proposition to drop them now, with that policy and those promises unfulfilled, is infinitely more serious, fraught with more dangers to the Filipino, and with disgrace to ourselves.

HERMAN M. MARQUARDT.

— The race for a Diploma —

KING RICHARD AND THE PRINCESS.

IT WAS early morning among the foothills of Kentucky. The sun was just beginning to send its rays over the blue tipped pines of the purple Cumberlands to the snowy banks of clouds above, changing them into brilliant oriental hangings for the great hills and ridges below. Far down the mountain side, a stately old colonial mansion stood, and from the stir and bustle there one would not hesitate to decide that something unusual was going on.

In the doorway of the old colonial home stood a girl, one hand nervously clutching her green riding habit, the other resting on a big white pillar of the porch. The shouts and shrill cries of men, the nasal harangue of bidders, and the deep tones of an auctioneer were plainly to be heard. Within the big old-fashioned house, pieces of furniture were ticketed with white tickets, showing to whom they had been sold and at what price. After one glance within, the girl swiftly descended the steps and hurried along a steep path to the upland pastures.

Climbing the white board fence, she gave a clear, shrill whistle. A few minutes later, a coal black horse came racing towards her. At a glance, even an inexperienced person would have pronounced him a beauty. Black as coal, but shining like satin, with trim legs, small feet and long wavy tail and mane. He came to a standstill beside the girl and poked his black velvet nose into her hand for his usual breakfast of apples. Entering a small stable, the girl soon came out with a saddle and bridle which she proceeded to put on the horse. This accomplished, she still lingered, and King Richard, for that was the horse's name, looked at her in surprise. "Whatever in the world was the matter with his gay Princess that morning?" He poked his soft nose inquiringly into her hand, when suddenly the girl turned, with a sob, and flung her arms about the horse's neck, while her short, coppery curls mingled with his black mane. "What an old silly I am, King Richard! I was just thinking I was alone in the world, when all the time I have you! The doctor said that Daddy would have been helpless had he lived and that would have been awful for him, as well as for me. Come on, we'll go and see what is happening down the road. When it's all over you and I'll think what we shall have to do."

Slowly horse and rider descended the hill. When they reached the level she sent him into a swift run, and one hour later, with cheeks glowing and chin up, she entered the stable yard and halted in front of the auctioneer's platform. "Well, Uncle Jim," she smiled, "what's the amount? I see you've sold everything."

The old man fidgeted uneasily in his chair. Old Jim had known "The Little Princess," as he fondly called her, since she was a babe. Dared he tell her the truth? He knew he did not dare to do otherwise, with those big gray eyes fastened so steadily on him. Clearing his

throat, he answered huskily, "Well, we've sold everything, but you lack one thousand of the amount that you wrote on that paper."

"One——thousand!" gasped the girl, clutching frantically at the loose reins which lay in her lap. Old Jim nodded silently, vainly trying to swallow the lump which stuck in his throat and to forget the hurt look in those clear gray eyes. The "Little Princess" sat for a long time gazing at the horizon. Then turning she dismounted and led her horse to old Jim. Hurriedly thrusting the reins into his hands, she whispered, "Everyone around here knows he's a fine horse. I've been offered ten thousand for him many times, but will sell him to the man who will be good to him for half that price." Old Jim nodded; he could not speak, for he knew what a sacrifice she was making. He had withheld his own claim hoping to save the horse for her, but without avail.

When old Jim looked up, he saw the girl walking swiftly down the road and, after she was out of sight, he rose and offered her horse for sale. A big heavy-set man, a stranger, bid the highest of anyone present; so the old auctioneer, much against his will, sold King Richard to him for ten thousand.

The sun beat down mercilessly on the white road which radiated a stifling heat, but the Princess walked on with her hat pushed low and covered from head to foot with the thick, white dust. How far she had come she little knew or cared. Her head throbbed violently and her tongue was parched. All she remembered was that she had parted with the horse which her mother had ridden and which her father had given her after her mother's death. At last her ear was attracted by the gurgle of running water and leaving the dusty road, she made her way to a clump of trees in the distance. When she reached the spot, the "Princess" gave a cry of delight. Gurgling and laughing, as if in glee, the crystal stream ran over the white sand and pearly stones. Flowers, ferns and trees lined the banks and birds peeped alluringly from behind stones, decaying tree trunks, or logs. Falling to her knees, "The Princess" cupped her hands and filled them with the deliciously cool water. Afterward she bathed her face, and feeling more like herself, lay down to rest beneath a large oak. Slowly her eyes closed and before long she was in the land of dreams.

A terrific peal of thunder and the splash of raindrops recalled her quickly to her surroundings. The sky was black and flashes of angry lightning, followed by peals of thunder, made the earth and sky to roar. The trees overhead were groaning in mortal agony as the wind rushed through their branches. Clinging to the protruding roots of a great oak, the girl thought quickly. She did not know where she was and she was sure she had passed no houses. A vivid streak of lightning showed an opening in the side of the bank. Perhaps that would afford a place of safety. Groping along, she finally managed to reach the cave and found that it was large enough for her to stand upright and that a slab of rock divided it into two parts. A large boulder in front afforded further protection. So she placed her coat beneath her and sat down to

await the abatement of the storm. The roaring, creaking, bending, swishing and cracking of the trees was weird and terrifying to say the least, when to add to her fear, out of the darkness came the sound of hurrying feet. Some one had stopped in front of the cave. Frightened, the girl flattened herself against the wall and listened. "Better put him in there and take the other side for ourselves. Hurry! this rain and wind are distressing to man and beast," the tone was rich and deep.

A nasal, harsh voice interrupted, "Give me your knife! Can't find the buckle! Broke mine!" Suddenly there was a scamper of feet and a wet horse rushed into the cave trembling with fright and shaking with cold. He started forward, then stopped, the girl crouching against the wall stifled with difficulty a cry of delight. It was King Richard! Her horse. Slowly she made her way to him whispering his name softly. He advanced, then stopped and stood trembling. The girl put her arms about him and listened.

"What did you say the girl looked like, George?" It was the same rich, deep voice which she had heard before.

"Well, I calcerlates she looks like her ma." "The Princess" instantly recognized the one who had shouted out of the darkness for a knife.

"Copper curls, big gray eyes, square chin and square shoulders and a will of her own?" summarized the first speaker.

"Well—er" drawled the other, "I guess so; but say, you should have seen her this morning! Gray eyes, whew! looked black to me. Temper! well—mebbe, but it was more pride."

"But she gave up her horse to old Jim without anyone's suggestion?" said the deep voice.

"Yes siree. But to change the subject, how those peoples' eyes popped when you gave old Jim that paper saying as how all debts were canceled and the plantation and all belongings were redeemed and were to be left where they were."

"Yes, of course they were surprised, for you see many didn't know I was living, nor did they think I would come if I were living, on account of—of Margaret—the little girl's mother. However, you see my heart has healed and I want to help the girl. I'm glad she is like her mother. But where is she? That's what's worrying me."

"The Princess," sat listening wonderingly. This, then was the man her father had mentioned again and again in his delirium, Richard Montgomery, who had loved her mother and who had held the chief claim against the estate.

The storm had ceased, the wind was subsiding, the clouds were scurrying away, and in the rifts between the clouds the pale moon was shining, when the "Princess" arose and walking to the entrance of the cave, stood watching the men. One was short and fat, the other tall, broad shouldered and slightly stooped. Suddenly Mr. Montgomery turned and started back as though he had seen a ghost.

"It's her," whispered his companion.

Montgomery walked to her and held out his hands, "You are"—he stammered huskily—

"Margaret's daughter," she answered softly.

Gray eyes and brown eyes met and read each in the other promises of dreams and of happiness to come.

Old George chuckled knowingly and King Richard, ignorant of the occasion, walked up to get his share of notice. Richard Montgomery smiled at the "Princess" over his namesake's head. "He came here of his own accord," he laughed. "I think he knew where his 'Princess' and mine was to be found."

SARAH MARIMON.

THE HERO.

THE enemy were descending on Valparaiso. In vain had the army of the U. S. striven to impede the progress of the invaders. Now, the crisis had come. If the fair city was captured. Chicago and all the strongholds of the country would be at the mercy of the foreign hosts. Surely it was a critical moment in the history of our land.

Colonel Morthland after striving valiantly but unsuccessfully to check the march of the enemy, drove wildly to the headquarters of Major General Deardoff in the Porter County Courthouse. "General," shouted the scarred veteran, "we are losing ground. Captain Huntington has just been killed and Major Farris wounded. Their practice while rabbit-hunting on Friday afternoons, when we were in High School made them, as you know, our best marksmen. Something must be done and that quickly, or all is lost save honor."

General Deardoff rose to the emergency. "Send Major Sherwood to me at once," he said to Private Marquardt who stood near. Marquardt, resplendent in a new uniform, which displayed a yellow shirt to great advantage, departed.

In a few moments, "Stonewall" Sherwood reported. The general called him into a side room and with tears on his tanned cheeks said, "Yay, we were comrades together in Company L. Therefore I dare entrust you with a grave mission. Bring Professor Shafer, our old instructor, to me at once"; and so saying he plunged immediately into the study of war maps.

Sherwood located the wizard of science in his laboratory, fondly gazing at the picture of the basket ball team of 1916, whose ability will never be forgotten. He tore himself away from the contemplation of this relic, jumped into an army aeroplane and in a few seconds, was at headquarters.

For fifteen minutes he held a private conversation with General Deardoff and Adjutant Shurr, a chemist of great wisdom. Then the two flew back to the laboratory. For three days and three nights they worked behind locked doors. When they emerged, Shafer summoned the noted basket ball stars of '16 and taking them to the top of the Courthouse showed them, by means of a spy-glass, the troops of the enemy camping on the Lincoln Highway about two miles from the city. Straightway a private brought in five balls, each about a foot in diameter. Shafer gave one ball to each of the five and pointed out five spots in the enemy's ranks where he wanted each ball placed. The five then threw together. On, on, higher and higher soared the missiles. The multitude on the ground thought that the great Professor's mind had given way at last. What could those missiles do?

A breathless pause ensued. All the globes struck the designated spots! The team of '16 had lost none of its accuracy. As the balls descended a few of the enemy jumped to their feet; then they stood still.

Shafer, summoning General Deardoff, requested him to go to the enemy's camp. The General, surprised, investigated from a distance He saw that no one stirred. Hastening into the ranks of the enemy, he found that all were dead! Men, horses and vegetation alike. What was the cause? This was easily ascertained. They were frozen to death. The missiles contained a deadly gas that expanded to such an extent that the temperature instantly fell to 98 degrees below zero within a radius of two miles of the camp. The country was saved.

Ten years passed. The frozen ranks of the enemy were still to be seen east of Valparaiso. They had not thawed out yet. In the prosperous city Principal Herrick rose in the Assembly room of the Valparaiso High School and after extolling Professor Shafer said, "I will leave a box on the desk. Any of you who desire may contribute any sum you wish to erect a monument to the memory of Professor Shafer. The statue will be placed in front of our splendid new gymnasium." The students made a rush on the box, and the sum necessary for the statue was collected in five minutes.

CHARLES REAGAN.

ALL FOR A DOG.

THINK boys are the horridest things on earth!" exclaimed the pretty young lady as she entered the family living room, holding in her extended hand a large black spider of very life-like appearance which had greatly frightened its fair holder a few minutes before when she found it carefully suspended over her dressing table.

"Big ones or little ones?" inquired her ten year old brother as his red head emerged from beneath the davenport—his favorite place of refuge when he expected to be accused of some wrongdoing—his face shining with a merriment that only tended to make his freckles more noticeable. "Let's hope it's only little boys, Marie, 'cause as soon as we get you married off Pa's goin' to buy me a dog. He says he can't afford it now and besides you are too fashionable and nice to have a dirty dog around. Skinney and Toothless Jim's both had dogs fer ages. But's it just my luck to have a fussy sister that doesn't like dogs!" Enjoying the displeased look that appeared on his sister's face as she approached him, Tommy dived farther back under the davenport and continued in as great a tone of disgust as he could command, "Say, w'y don't you get married? What's Jack hangin' 'round here so much fer anyway? Can't you make him perpose? 'Spect you think we like star boarders and Pa's got money to throw to the birds. I've had to go without a dog long 'nough 'cause of you an' him"—he broke off bitterly. But his voice softened a little as he added beseechingly, "Aw, Marie, can't you show a little brotherly love and try to get a feller a dog? We know how hard you have tried to land Jack, but," he finished with the air of a philosopher, "Teacher says, 'If at first you don't succeed try, try, again.' "

"Thomas, you are a horrid boy and I shall tell father," his prim sister exclaimed indignantly after trying in vain to reach him in his place of hiding with a sofa cushion. "I can't get married until someone asks me," she said tearfully and left the room as her teaser sang lustily, "O when, O when will my little dog come, O when, O when will it be?"

Having thus tormented his sister until she was out of hearing, Tommy crawled out from under his refuge, pulled an old blue cap over his bristling red hair and went out into the back yard to think over the "dog question." Climbing up on an old dry goods box, he sat down, dangled his feet over the edge and looking out into space, began musing to himself, "Now I know Jack'd like to marry Marie all right, but he's such an old scaredy cat he's 'fraid to ast her. Jack's rich, an' if Pa could get Marie off his hands he could afford to buy me a peach of a dog. Maybe he'd get me a little bull dog with a white nose and it would wear a collar with its name on it—an' I'd call it Napoleon"—and Tommy's mind went on dreaming of the bliss of being the sole owner of a

dog. Finally coming back to his point, he exclaimed as he climbed down from his perch, "Well, I got to get 'em 'jined in the holy bands of matermony' as Deacon Brown says, somehow!"

Reaching the ground he walked leisurely around the house and spying his sister and the bashful Jack sitting in the hammock on the porch he approached them singing loudly "Love's Old Sweet Song." Apparently unconscious of the blush that appeared upon his sister's face and the confused manner of the young gentleman, he stepped innocently upon the porch and appearing to see the couple for the first time, exclaimed in a surprised tone: "W'y hello, who thot you was here?" He knew by his sister's face that she disliked his appearance and longed for him to go in the house before he caused any more confusion, so he sat down immediately and began: "Say, Jack, did you know that war had broken out in Mexico and all the fellers who ain't married hafto go? You better marry somebody quick 'cause I'd hate it fearful bad if you had ter go to war. We's talkin' 'bout it this morning and Marie said it'd most kill her to have **any** of her young friends leave fer Mexico—an' I told—"

"Thomas, won't you tell me something about your school work," interrupted the confused Mr. Smith quickly, eager to change the subject of conversation before matters grew worse. "Yes," Tommy said slowly, rather delighted as he observed that Mr. Smith did not enjoy his topic, "W'y we've been studying Hiawatha and we all had ter learn a verse I'll recite mine ter entertain you." And without waiting to know whether they cared to hear it or not, he jumped up, pointed a dirty finger at each and recited in as impressive a manner as he possessed:

"As unto the bow the cord is
So unto the man is woman
Tho' she bends him
She obeys him
Tho' she leads him
Yet she follows
Useless each without the other."

When he came to the last line he repeated it very slowly, laying a great deal of stress on each word as he looked meaningly first at his sister and then at the bashful Mr. Smith.

During Tommy's embarrassing performance the desire of Tommy and the willingness of his sister to engage in a wedding in which he was to play an important part, dawned upon the no longer bashful Jack. And when he asked Tommy to please go inside as he wished to speak to his sister alone, he was surprised at the obliging spirit which that youngster displayed. Tommy nearly took the door off its hinges in his attempt to get thru it before Mr. Smith forgot what he had to say. He could already see the long desired Napoleon looming up into view and the envious looks he would receive from his playmates.

That evening Tommy's father, by way of announcing the coming

wedding to his son, said during the evening meal, "Thomas, your sister and Jack are to be married soon and then you will have a splendid new broth—" He got no further for Tommy, whose mind had never left the dog which he now felt sure of getting, surprised the whole family by exclaiming excitedly, "An' I'm goin' ter call him Napoleon, an' he's got to have a collar with his name on it—an' a white nose."

ALMA CURTIS.

SPORT.

IT WAS late in the summer and mosquitoes and other insects were plentiful. I was at the river, a little chap sent down alone with an old buck-skin horse and rickety wagon, to bring home some campers. The fellows refused to break camp so it was up to me to stick around a few days.

The sun was beginning to cast its rays along the eastern horizon one morning when Ed and I pulled up at camp after running the set lines. I had just spent the most exciting night of my history. Ed and another fellow, an old river rat, had gone into partnership on a number of set lines and we had been running these. I needed experience so they allowed me the special favor of working both shifts and running all night.

The first shift I ran with the river rat, a great big overgrown piece of humanity who might have made a respectable junk man had he not been shiftless, and a slave to drink. We had shoved off just after dark in an old duck boat minus the gunwale and rickety with age. To the great regret of my companion I could not handle the push paddle so was denied the pleasure of pushing the boat several miles up stream to where the set lines were located. The atmosphere was damp and a trifle chilly, the night was black, the air tainted with the smell of fish. I was shut off from the rest of the world in the small space dismally illuminated by the flickering lantern between my knees. The light seemed to sound a bugle call to all the mosquitoes on the river. I could see neither shore nor shadow, could not even see my companion in the stern of the boat. The regular dip of the paddle, the ripple of the current, the buzz of the mosquitoes, and an occasional splash in the darkness as some fish jumped out of the water, was all that was heard. Thus we traveled for probably half an hour when suddenly I felt the boat cut sharp with the current and heard a voice behind me rudely break the silence. "Catch the snag to your left there." I waited and suddenly the upturned roots of a great tree brushed into view close up against the boat. To this snag one end of our first line was attached. The line was delivered to my lap. At intervals along it were fastened small lines with hooks. After taking off the fish I had to bait the hooks with hard shelled red eyed

crawfish. I was a new hand at this and as the slimy mass of fish rose about me my hands were frequently torn by the horns of the bull heads.

We worked the first half of the night and then returned to camp. We woke Ed and soon he and I were back at the lines. We were on the last line and I was getting onto my job when in some way I let a hook catch under the boat. We stopped with a jerk, swung broadside to the current, and there we stayed. The night seemed blacker than ever, we could see neither shore, the boat rocked, we dipped water. I was a poor swimmer and Ed was hardly large enough to help me much, but quickly creeping to my side he righted the boat. Thus we sat for a long time balancing the boat, always fearful that a log coming down with the current might hit us. Crash, suddenly we were pulled roughly against the tension of the line. Something broke. We dipped, then righted again. The line had broken and we were off with the current. We pulled into camp, as I said before, just as it was beginning to get light.

WILLIAM E. MORTHLAND.

SCOTTY.

AS I stepped out of my door one bright October morning, a bundle of rough fur flung itself upon me, startling me not a little. As soon as its violent gyrations subsided somewhat, I had no great trouble in concluding the nondescript animation to be a dog. Scotch I should call him, long ears, shaggy, kinky hair the color of wet sand, and an animated stump for a tail.

In my opinion a dog is man's best friend and so Scotty as I immediately dubbed him, proved to be.

My occupation on that day in October was——nothing. In fact I was hunting a job when Scotty burst so unceremoniously into my range of vision. As he absolutely refused to be banished, perforce he went with me.

Luck was with me, no less than Scotty, on that memorable day, and early the next morning I started for the Circle U ranch, some hundred and eighty miles northwest of Butte, Montana, astride a rangy buckskin and accompanied by Scotty.

Arrived, two days later, I took up my work as foreman of the ranch. Scotty stuck by me all that fall, not accompanying me however, on the fall round up.

Winter came early that year. Our supplies were running low and we were still twenty-five miles from home, driving three thousand head

of cattle before us, when the snow came. In the center of an open prairie, enough supplies to last us perhaps two days, no water and a blizzard raging, was not a pleasant situation for man or beast. We soon lost all sense of direction but after three hours of wandering we stumbled upon a ravine, not very deep but supplying some shelter and best of all, water.

The shelter was so poor however, that I decided to explore the ravine a bit and see if it was not deeper in some other place. After getting the cattle settled and a fire built, I left, promising the men to return soon.

An hour passed and I found no better shelter and, thinking it best to return at once, started, as I thought, back toward the camp. In the course of the next two hours, not having reached the camp, I concluded in despair that I must have lost my way. The snow was becoming so deep that I proceeded with difficulty and reaching a sheltered spot sank down from sheer exhaustion.

The next thing I remember was hearing voices intermingled with sharp, hoarse barks. I was completely buried under the snow, too stiff to move and powerless to speak, but my loyal dog never lost the scent and the men dug me out. How Scotty found me has always been a mystery to all of us. At least three feet of snow had fallen after I lost consciousness, blotting out all trace of my presence. Needless to say, Scotty was the most loved and pampered pup that ever breathed.

FRANCES L. POWERS.

ATHLETICS.

FOOTBALL.

FOOTBALL, which has been dormant for several years, was revived this year. The cry went up early for a team, but it was decided to be content with inter-class games. After the game in which the Seniors defeated the other three classes combined, it was discovered that there was some excellent material for a "Varsity." A call for candidates brought out nineteen "recruits" for the various positions. Clarence Gardner was elected captain and practice was commenced. In the meantime Mr. Jessee wrote to several cities for games, but as we were late in getting organized, only one school, East Chicago, could give us a game on account of complete schedules. We practiced hard for two weeks under the coaching of Joe Ryan, a student at Valparaiso University, who gave us much of his time, knowing that it was impossible for us to pay him for his services. To him we extend our heartfelt appreciation of his kindness.

On Saturday, Oct. 30th, the team composed of Clarence Gardner, Charles Reagan, Maxwell Evans, Allen Dalrymple, Kenyon Wyckoff, Earl Smith, Earl Themanson, Gurdon Huntington, Donald Herrick, Joseph Horn, Raymond Shurr, Deforest Muster, Edward Sierks, Jesse Pratt, and Paul Findling, accompanied by Mr. Jessee, Mr. Shafer and Mr. Ryan, who refereed, and a large number of rooters, journeyed to East Chicago. The jinx got our goat in the early part of the game when Gardner and Pratt, both our quarter-backs, were laid out. Having no substitute who knew the signals it was an uphill fight for Valpo. The game ended with East Chicago on the long end of a 27-0 score.

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GENEALOGY DEPT

BASKET BALL

THE basketball season of '15-'16 brought forth a bumper crop and a good bunch of material. This year's team was not expected to equal the record set by last year's team, but the dope bucket was upset. They made the best record of any team in the history of the V. H. S. by winning twenty-three out of the twenty-five games played. At the sectional tournament they won the championship of Northern Indiana. Their record was also the best of any high school team in the State. That the team made the good showing that it did probably can be laid to the fact that the bunch has played together all through high school and to the inside dope obtained from Mr. Shafer, Dr. Felton and Kenneth Wolfe.

The little "White Church" on South Franklin Street was again booked for the use of the V. H. S. basketball team, for which we thank the members of the school board, Dr. Pagin, Dr. Gelston, and Mr. Loomis. The first call for practice brought out more candidates for the team than any other year, which bettered the chances for a strong team. There were at one time three different teams representing the high school at different places which shows that we have the material and that all we need is a place to exercise it.

The first team started on their grind with Hebron as opponents who were easy picking, the score being 60-12. On the following Saturday the Wheeler Athletic Association was defeated in a hard game, the score being 37-22. On Friday, Nov. 26, Valpo journeyed to Plymouth and on the same old dance floor easily came out victors of a 34-26 game. Whiting was our next opponent. At the end of the first half the score stood 12-6 in favor of the oil city, but in a hard fought finish the V. H. S. suc-

ceeded in "copping" the game with a score of 19-15. In December Crown Point was given the once over on the local floor by a score of 33-12. In the same month the green and white met Froebel of Gary in the Froebel gym and again was the winner, it being the first time that Froebel had been defeated on her own floor in five years. The team later journeyed to East Chicago to meet "Skiddoo" Murray and his bunch. In a game which was one of the best the V. H. S. played this season Valpo easily brought home the bacon, the score being 35-15 much to the surprise of East Chicago.

The team opened the new year by defeating Plymouth on the local floor in easy fashion by a score of 60-22. East Chicago invaded the Vale on Jan. 7th with high hopes of taking home the grapes. In an exciting and rough game the green and white again gave East Chicago the short end of a 20-16 score. On Jan. 14th the team, with a good bunch of rooters, journeyed to LaPorte and in a close game the V. H. S. defeated their friendly rivals on her own floor for the first time in years by a score of 20-19. On the following Friday the Alumni, composed of Schenck, Conover, Wark, Dodge, Timmons and Smith were defeated by a score of 54-13. Jan. 18th Emerson school of Gary was defeated on the local floor in an exciting game, the score being 24-20. The next victim was Froebel, who was disposed of in an unexciting and slow game by a score of 23-19, and the following Friday, Michigan City was easily defeated 30-22.

The next team to taste defeat at the hands of the V. H. S. was the fast Whiting five by a score of 36-13. On Feb. 5th the team, accompanied by the largest bunch of rooters that ever followed a V. H. S. basketball team, went to Gary to meet the highly touted Emerson team. In a game which Valpo was hitting on all five, the V. H. S. succeeded in taking the bacon, the score being 33-20. Michigan City was taken into camp with a 39-12 score on the local floor Feb. 14th. On the following Friday the team made a trip to Interlaken, noted for its early risers, and again came home with the long end of a 23-11 count. Feb. 25th LaPorte was our visitor for a return game. This game was played on Empire floor and before the largest crowd of the season. In one of the fastest and cleanest games of the year LaPorte was again defeated by a score of 30-18. March 3rd saw the team in South Bend where they lost their first and last schedule game of the season at the hands of a referee by the name of Miller, physical director and assistant coach of the South Bend five. This game closed the schedule and marked the end of the basketball career of Loring, Dolhover, Dalrymple, Gardner, Huntington and Findling in the V. H. S.

Financially the basketball season was a great success, which enabled the team to discard the suits that have been handed down from the team of '11. It was decided to change the colors from red and white to green and white because the old colors were used by many high schools, which causes confusion. The tops of the suits were plain white with a large green V. H. S. monogram, the trunks were dark green with a white belt and white stripes down the sides, the socks were white with a green

band, and the slip overs were a dark green with a large white V on the front. White caps were worn to top off the rest of the uniform. We were also able to purchase sweater coats for coach Shafer and Mr. Jessee, our manager. We hope that the next season will be as great a financial success so that the team may purchase new uniforms with the same colors.

THE SECOND TEAM.

The second team this year was one of the best that ever scrubbed against the first team. Their ability was proved by the ease with which they twice defeated the Chesterton high school and the Hebron and Wheeler fives. The honors of the first team can well be shared with the second team because of the hard practice they gave the regulars. Realizing what a tedious job it is to practice every night without getting a chance to play in a scheduled game, the first team wishes to thank the following: William Sergeant, Kenyon Wyckoff, Edward Sierks, John Sievers, Allan Nelson, Frank Wilson, Earl Mavity, Mark Loring, Andrew Dalrymple, Arthur Steward, Arthur Grunert, Robert Keeler and Harold Card.

THE NORTHERN INDIANA SECTIONAL TOURNAMENT.

The sectional tournament of Northern Indiana was held this year at Gary in the large gymnasium of the Froebel school. It was a tournament never to be forgotten because the V. H. S. team brought home the booty. It was two days in which Gary was turned into Valpo. The games started Friday afternoon, March 10th, with South Bend and Hammond as rivals, in which game South Bend was easily victor by a score of 54-14. Following this game, East Chicago, last year's champion of Northern Indiana, met the Lowell five who were easily outclassed with a score of 32-15. The Froebel and Emerson game was the next attraction, the hardest fought and roughest game of the tournament. At the end of forty minutes Froebel succeeded in defeating her sister-school by a score of 25-17. In the evening the "Green and White" locked hands with her rival, Crown Point, who was easily given the once over—the score being 39-10.

After this game the team journeyed home and after a good night's rest returned to Gary in time to see East Chicago go down in defeat at the hands of South Bend by a score of 48-36. In the next game Froebel easily defeated the Whiting five. At 2 P. M. Valpo again met her old rival, LaPorte, for the third time this season in a game that will not be forgotten for some time by those who witnessed it. The first half ended with the "Green and White" one point ahead and after a hard and close finish the V. H. S. came up with one point to the good and with the opportunity to compete in the finals—score 30-29. Following this game the fast Froebel five met South Bend in a fast and well played game in which Froebel was the winner—the score being 31-30. At 8:00 o'clock in the evening Valpo met Froebel in the finals before one of the largest

crowds that ever witnessed a basketball game in this part of the State. The crowd was made up of more than half Valpo rooters. After a fast and clean game Valpo succeeded in defeating the Froebel team by a score of 25-15 thus winning the championship of Northern Indiana and the right to represent this section in the State Tournament at Bloomington. After the game the team was met by the City Band and with a crowd of rooters, 300 strong, paraded Broadway, in this way letting the people know that Valpo is still on the map even if they do not have a gym. The team wishes to take this opportunity of thanking the public for their faithful support during the season and at the tournament.

THE STATE TOURNAMENT.

The team left for the State Tournament Mar. 16th via Pennsylvania and Monon and arrived in Bloomington at 4:00 P. M. Valpo was met by the representatives of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity where they were royally entertained during their stay in Bloomington. The games started Friday morning in the gymnasium of the Indiana University. The following teams survived the preliminaries: Lebanon, Martinsville, Liberty Center, Lafayette, Valparaiso, Vincennes, Kokomo and Crawfordsville. In the next round Lebanon, Liberty Center and Valpo dropped out. Valpo lost to Vincennes, a much weaker team, because of her inability to cage easy baskets. Lafayette and Crawfordsville qualified for the finals. Lafayette won in an overtime and exciting game with Crawfordsville by a score of 27-26. After the games had all been played the different teams were given a banquet by the Booster Club. The team left Bloomington Saturday night and arrived home Sunday morning all of the same mind that they had had a fine time.

The V. H. S. basketball team was very fortunate this year in having Dr. Felton and Kenneth Wolfe, former basketball stars of the V. H. S., as sub-coaches who worked in harmony with Mr. Shafer. Their college and high school experiences in basketball made it possible for them to give the fellows many helpful pointers and much advice for which the team is very grateful. We also wish to thank them for their work after the games.

INDIVIDUAL POINTS

V. H. S.	Hebron—1-2 game	Wheeler Town Team	Plymouth	Whiting	Crown Point	Gary Froebel H. S.	East Chicago	Plymouth	East Chicago	LaPorte	Gary Emerson H. S.	Alumni	Gary—Froebel
Loring	FB 9 T 18	FB 3 T 6	FB 6 T 12	FB 2 T 4	FB 6 T 12	FB 1 T 2	FB 8 T 16	FB 12 T 24	FB 3 T 6	FB 1 T 2	FB 5 T 10	FB 12 T 24	FB 3 T 6
Dolhover	FT 2 T 2	FB 1 FT 3 T 5	FB 1 FT 6 T 8	FB 2 FT 7 T 11	FB 1 FT 7 T 9	FB 4 FT 6 T 14	FB 1 FT 7 T 9	FB 1 FT 4 T 6	FB 1 FT 10 T 6	FB 3 FT 6 T 12	FT 8 T 8	FB 3 FT 4 T 10	FB 1 FT 11 T 13
Dalrymple	FB 11 T 22	FB 12 T 24	FB 6 T 12	FB 1 T 2	FB 6 T 12	FB 1 T 2	FB 2 T 4	FB 14 T 28	FB 1 T 2	FB 2 T 4	FB 3 T 6	X	FB 1 T 2
Findling	O	FB 1 T 2	FB 1 T 2	FB 1 T 2	O	FB 1 T 2	FB 3 T 6	O	O	FB 1 T 2	O	O	O
Gardner	X	O	O	O	O	O	O	FB 1 T 2	O	O	O	FB 1 T 2	O
Huntington	X	X	O	X	O	X	X	X	X	X	X	O	O
Pratt	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	O	X	X	X	FB 9 T 18	FB 1 T 2
Hoffman	X	X	O	X	O	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Ferris	O	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

BASKET BALL '15-'16

Michigan City	Whiting	Gary Emerson H. S.	Michigan City	Interlaken	LaPorte	South Bend	Crown Point	LaPorte	Gary Froebel H. S.	Cicero	Vincennes	Games Played	Field Baskets	Free Throws	Points
FB 3 T 6	FB 6 T 12	FB 2 T 4	FB 7 T 14	FB 4 T 8	FB 6 T 12	FB 2 T 4	FB 7 T 14	FB 5 T 10	FB 4 T 8	FB 8 T 16	FB 3 T 6	25	128	0	256
X	FB 2 FT 4 T 8	FB 4 FT 7 T 15	X	FB 1 FT 5 T 7	FT 2 T 2	FB 1 FT 9 T 11	FB 3 FT 3 T 9	FB 2 FT 6 T 10	FB 2 FT 5 T 9	FB 2 FT 4 T 8	FB 1 FT 4 T 6	23	37	131	205
FB 4 T 8	FB 6 T 12	FB 6 T 12	FB 8 T 16	FB 3 T 6	FB 6 T 12	FB 4 T 8	FB 4 T 8	FB 4 T 8	FB 1 T 2	FB 4 T 8	O	24	110	0	220
FB 4 T 8	FB 2 T 4	FB 1 T 2	FB 2 T 4	FB 1 T 2	FB 2 T 4	FB 1 T 2	FB 4 T 8	FB 1 T 2	FB 3 T 6	FB 1 T 2	FB 2 T 4	25	32	0	64
O	O	O	FT 3 T 3	O	O	O	O	O	O	O	O	24	2	3	7
X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	O	X	X	X	5	0	0	0
FB 2 FT 4 T 8	O	X	FB 1 T 2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	O	7	13	4	30
X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	2	0	0	0
X	O	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	2	0	0	0

FB—Field Baskets FT—Free Throws T—Total X—Games not played O—No points

Mr. Jessee acted as our business manager this year. As our schedule was a very long one, covering twenty-five games, much time and energy was required to work it out. It was largely through his untiring efforts that the team won much of its fame. He also proved himself an able financier. The team was put to great expense this year and it was solely due to Mr. Jessee's efforts that we broke even. We wish to thank him for his efficient work and wish him success in all future athletic undertakings in the V. H. S.

Professor Shafer, our new and smiling science instructor, has been the best basketball coach that the V. H. S. has ever possessed. The team was very fortunate in obtaining his services because having played basketball in his own high school career and having other experiences with basketball teams he was capable of getting the best out of the team. He was a close friend of all the players and this helped to keep up the spirit of the bunch. To him we give a great deal of the credit for the success of the team. We thank him for his hard work and advice and hope that he has even better success with next year's team.

"Ham" or "Bananas" '16, was one of the main cogs in the machine. He was elected captain on account of his unusual ability and his congenial spirit. He has played basketball ever since he entered high school. He played in every game of the season and was always on the job with lots of fight and pep which made him the chief point getter on the squad, with a total of 256 points to his credit. He is without a doubt one of the best forwards in Northern Indiana and one of the best ever turned out by the V. H. S. His aggressive style of playing and his ability to cage baskets with three or four on his shoulders cause him to be feared by all guards, and to be put in a class by himself. We wish him good luck and hope that he keeps up the good work in the future.

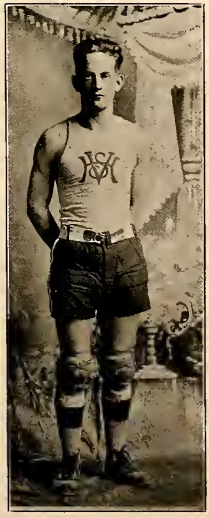
Coit or "Old Man Dolhover" '16, was one of the most consistent and coolheaded players on the team. He played left forward and more than filled the berth left vacant from last year's team. He is a past master in the art of throwing free throws and his exceptional ability to do this has won many a victory for the green and white. He scored 131 points by his free throws. He covered more ground than any one man on the team and could always be counted on to slip in a field basket in a tight place. He could guard with as much ease as he could throw field baskets, which pulled the guards out of many a hard hole. His consistent playing and free throws contributed much to the record of the team.

"Ally" '16, our lean and lanky pivot king, is without a doubt one of the best centers ever produced in Northern Indiana. He played in every game of the season and never lost the tip-off once. His ability in getting the tip off contributed much to the team because it gave them a chance to get in their team work without any delay. His aggressive style of playing and accurate basket shooting caused him to be feared and watched closely by all whom he played against, and his eagle eye contributed much to the score board. He ranks among the best centers in the history of the school and the only man on the squad to obtain a berth on the All Sectional Team of Northern Indiana.

"Gid" or "Goldie" 16, the only "southpaw" on the team, was the most consistent, scrappiest and hardest worker on this year's squad, possibly due to his Irish descent. He was always on the job when it came to breaking up the opposing team's line of play or in keeping the ball out of their basket. His left hand, accurate passing and superior guarding caused him to be a blocking stone for all forwards that met him. He played back guard and his aggressive style of playing at this position was as good as the V. H. S. has ever seen. His unusual ability at this position can be seen by the low scores registered against us.

"Heine" '16 was without a doubt, the best guard that ever represented the V. H. S. Time after time when defeat stared us in the face, "Heinie" would save the day by shooting a "life saver" from back of center. He was given honorable mention as all-state guard at Bloomington. He, like the others, graduates this spring, leaving a hole in the V. H. S. basketball team which will not soon be successfully filled. His wonderful guarding and timely basket shooting will be missed by the teams in the future.

—Contributed.



"Mutt" '16 was one of the most capable and efficient men on the team. Although he did not play in every game of the season he could be depended upon to deliver the goods whenever called upon. His ability and aggressiveness in dashing in with his head down and coming up with the ball in his hands gave him a great deal of prestige. He played both the guard and forward positions.

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GENEALOGY DEPT.

"Jess" '18 is the only member on the first team that does not graduate this year. He made the team on his first attempt and was an able asset. He has beyond doubt the making of the best all-round basketball man the high school has ever had on account of his ability in covering the floor, his aggressiveness and accurate basket shooting. He has two more years in high school and we wish him success and a bright future.

"Mike" '16 was rather timid when he first started in playing basketball because he was afraid he would hurt "Ally" or "Ham" with his excess beef and muscle. As soon as he got the idea out of his head that he was going to hurt anyone he became one of the most efficient and able men on the squad and was carried as a regular from then on. We thank him for his hard workouts on the first team in practice.

"Wes" '16 played with the first team in the early part of the season and displayed the making of a good basketball man although it was his first year at the game. Before the season had progressed very far he had the misfortune to be laid up with an infection obtained in practice and had to give up basketball for the rest of the season.

FOOTBALL TEAM '16

EACH year it is customary to devote a certain portion of the annual to facts of interest concerning the alumni. Since last year's annual contained such a complete account of former graduates, in this annual we will endeavor to locate only the members of the class of 1915 and to give the important changes occurring in the lives of members of the alumni having graduated previous to the year 1915. We will also give the deaths and marriages occurring in the past year.

The following members of the class of 1915 are attending Valparaiso University: Esther Philley, Robert Wark, John Crumpacker, Julia Arvin, Louise Horn, Clare McGillicuddy, Rollo Pool, Fred Marston, Howard Dodge, Gail Fehrman, Harold Gates, Gerald Timmons, Verna Summer, and Geraldine Patton. The following members are teaching: Esther Blachly, Lilah Hineline, and Pauline Fay. Sanford Campbell is attending Purdue University. Carrie Turner is attending school at Lake Forest. William Schenck is an active member of the "Sons of Rest" in Valparaiso, Ind. Roland Kenney is working in Chicago. Chester Fay is attending McGill University, Montreal, Canada. Lou Cartha Pierce is attending school in Washington, D. C. Jewell Hembroff is taking a nurse's training in the Cook County Hospital, Chicago. Gladys Van Trees is keeping books at Mitchell Bros. Grocery. Leonora Wise is attending Indiana University. Irene Martens is employed at the Mudge Studio.

Two graduates of the school have died during the past year: Jessie Smith Burhans (1875) and Ida Ketchell Pomeroy (1888).

The following alumni have been married since our last issue: Walter Talcott (1900) to Audry Conklin; Pearl Huntington (1902) to Roscoe

L. Warner; Agnes Mae Stewart (1902) to Charles Simpson; Bertha Tofte (1906) to Frank W. Senneff; Byron Smith (1907) to Laura Nuppnau (1909); Geraldine McNiece (1907) to Robley D. Blount; Dolly Hershman (1908) to George Tipscord; Isa Trough (1908) to Oscar Wilkins; Grace Dillingham (1909) to Edward Anderson; Margaret Cambell (1909) to Hervey G. Helberg; Ninah Mann (1910) to Clyde Tippie; Frank Fabing (1912) to Ethel Cuson; Alla Bartholomew (1913) to Arthur Runyon; Florence Van Ness (1912) to L. H. Collins; Mabel M. Green (1913) to Albert D. Wilson.

It should interest our readers to know that Irene Vanouse (1913), Percy Lawrence (1910), and Wayne McDaniels (1913) have won laurels in oratory for the schools they have been attending, Percy in Michigan, Wayne and Irene, Minnesota. The life work of three is leading them far from Hoosierdom: Andrew Case (1907) is in South America; Melvin Stinchfield (1911) who graduates this year from Purdue, is going to South America to take up civil engineering; Dow Jonson (1907) is a civil engineer in Alaska.

NILES SMITH.

Calendar

September 5. School opens and keeps in session all day. Three cheers for our new superintendent!

September 9. Freshmen gently settling down.

September 13. Miss Benney leads morning exercises. Seniors are joyfully preparing their orations.

September 21. Mr. Shafer orates to us. Irene Ball coasts down the platform steps.

September 24. The high school orchestra makes its appearance for the first time.

September 30. Marion Osborne's hair has an affinity for Herman Marquardt's coat buttons.

October 7. English IV gives program in honor of Riley's birthday.

October 8. The first fire drill of the year is pulled off.

October 18. Dr. Bassett speaks on "Prepare for Life." Seniors organize. High school has picture taken.

October 19. Seniors debate on the important question of class dues. The camera cracked. The students pose again for the photographer.

October 20. Everyone enjoys (?) the Friday morning spelling lesson.

October 25. Rev. Williamson talks to us on "Service to Others." Where did Mark Loring get his red tie?

October 26. Mr. Boucher leaves for Indianapolis and the pupils quickly blossom into geometry teachers.

October 27. We enjoy a song service. Why wouldn't the boys just as soon sing as make that awful noise?

October 29. Mr. Jessee offers to chaperon the girls to Chicago to see the foot ball game. V. H. S. is defeated in the foot ball game, Clarence is hurt and Raymond makes an acquaintance with Chicago sand burrs. Hallowe'en.

November 1. Rev. Hill speaks on "Heroism."

November 2. Helen Stevens, Frank Wilson and Miss Archer treat us to some special music. We get ten brand new typewriters. The Senior class pin war is on.

November 3. Seniors choose their pins after much noise and debating.

November 5. Seniors have weenie roast at Frances Powers'.

November 7. Rev. C. C. Jessee speaks on "Work and be Happy."

November 10. A musical entertainment is given by members of the high school.

November 12. Juniors have a weenie roast at Burlington Beach—but they don't invite the Seniors.

Frederick Arvin denies that he ate twenty-five weenies. V. H. S. defeats Hebron in basket ball.

November 15. Rev. Newsom on "Confidence in Others."

November 16. Sarah Marimon has a pair of new shoes. Miss McIntyre and the Civics Class arrange a signal code.

November 17. Sarah gives a piano solo and Allen tells us of the wonderful memory of Cleo Chester Smith. "Is that a new class yell?" "No 'tis only Raymond Sego's bright new sweater."

November 18. Herman Marquardt decks himself out in the color of the pumpkin to remind us that Thanksgiving is approaching.

November 19. V. H. S. defeats Wheeler and Chesterton in basket ball.

November 20. Domestic Science girls serve dinner at teacher's institute.

November 22. English VIII request Mike to make a speech on "Fashion." Irene Ball and Max Specht give a history of Thanksgiving. The Civics class goes "courting."

November 23. Herbert Schleman and Miss Benney tell Thanksgiving stories.

November 24. Frederick Arvin and Gladys Ritz give Thanksgiving readings and Ruth Bennet tells some things for which the V. H. S. is thankful. Max Evans and Earl Mavity are thankful that they were "jilted." Mr. Shafer grades the Senior physics papers and "kneels right down in all the muss and thanks the Lord they are no wuss." Seniors have a party at K. C. hall. Vacation—and we're so thankful.

November 29. Basketball boys go to Plymouth. Plymouth wanted to know if Ham was imported. Mr. Boucher speaks on "Gratitude." Mugzy gets his seat changed. Order of march to classes changed that we may speed up a little. Mr. Jessee thinks that some of the students need speedometers. Miss McIntyre changes the Civics Class signals. Miss Benney's long-looked for ink wells arrive.

November 30. Rev. Father Mungovan speaks on "The Purpose of the Public Schools." The Seniors, as usual, grow restless before the bells are rung at 3:20 P. M.

December 1. Frances Powers sings for us and Alma Curtis speaks on "Our Public Library." Miss McIntyre and the Civics Class visit court.

December 2. Helen Dean comes out with a diamond ring, and Miss Welty announces the engagement to save embarrassment. Miss McIntyre tells of the thrills she experienced in giving the bell signal to the Civics Class.

December 3. Mr. Jessee is stricken with another "seat changing spell." Allen Nelson gets a crush on Irene. Basket ball team goes to Whiting. Mr. Shafer loses the ball.

December 7. Mr. Calvert visits school and leads the singing.

December 8. English IV gives speeches on "Valparaiso." Basketball team meets at Loring's to discuss financial difficulties.

December 10. Mr. Jessee attends a principal convention at Gary.

December 11. V. H. S. basket ball team wins over Gary. Zoology class start in on frogs.

December 14. Mr. Shafer speaks on "Co-operation." Basketball boys get their new suits. Oh my!

December 16. LeeElla Steward talks on the life and the work of Whittier.

December 18. Basketball team goes to East Chicago and defeats the Twin City Team. Mr. Shafer shows off his new cap and sweater.

December 20. Edward Shinabarger gives a quotation during morning exercises, "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." English IV has a spread and displays its ability to give toasts and after dinner speeches.

December 23. A Christmasy and Santa Clausy spirit prevails and even the dignified Seniors are caught looking blankly into space.

December 24. Mr. Boucher disappoints the whole high school by dismissing school at noon. Merry Christmas!

December 28. Seniors have a social and a Christmas tree in the kindergarten room.

January 3. Everybody tickled to death (?) to return to school.

January 5. School enjoys special music by Helen Kull. The gym catches fire.

January 6. The team practices amid the ruins. Jay Runyan has a black eye.

January 8. V. H. S. defeats East Chicago in basketball.

January 10. Helen Stevens and Miss Griebel give some special music.

January 12. Everybody cramming for examinations. "The fateful days are near at hand."

January 13. Examinations. "Lord God of hosts be with us yet, lest we forget lest we forget."

January 14. Domestic Science girls give a bake sale.

January 17. Credits are given and promotions are made for the new semester. The freshest freshies arrive and some new seats are installed.

January 18. Rev. Griffin speaks in Chapel.

January 19. Sarah Marimon gives an interesting talk in celebration of the birthday of Robert E. Lee.

January 24. Dr. Gelston talks at Chapel exercises.

January 28. Dr. Basset is with us. Alene Hill reads, "Billy Brad and the Big Lie."

February 4. V. H. S. defeats Whiting in basketball.

February 7. Mr. Boucher goes to a convention at South Bend. Mr. Blue visits school.

February 8. Freddie Arvin coasts down platform steps. Oratorical contest, various visitors take occasion to get a bit of a snooze. Senior party in the basement.

February 9. Biblical quotations.

February 14. Rev. C. C. Jessee on "Why God Made Brains."

February 15. Mr. Calvert helps us sing and Rev. Smith speaks to us. We are handed out our just grades.

February 19. The "Feast of the Red Corn" is given by the high school girls to benefit the basketball team. Juniors have a party in honor of St. Valentine.

February 21. Celebration in honor of Washington.

February 22. More celebration for the man who never told a lie, but no vacation for his admirers.

February 25. Herman Farris and Mr. Shafer recite mushy poetry.

February 29. Seniors give quotations in honor of Longfellow's birthday.

March 1. More Seniors give quotations. Were they fussed? Oh no.

March 2. Mr. Jessee for the Nth time this week, "Some of the girls have exchanged rubbers in the hall."

March 3. Our basketball team goes to South Bend and is whipped." Taint fair!" Fire alarm to give us exercise. Visitors from the Hill.

March 6. Is Verdie married? More visitors.

March 7. Seniors display their political genius in some "original stuff."

March 8. Lucille Campbell speaks on "Our President." Herman F. again grows sentimental and reads "The Courtin'."

March 9. Seniors discuss theology.

March 10. William J. Bryan speaks at Auditorium.

March 11. Valpo wins in basketball tourney. Three cheers for the V. H. S. basketball team and the City Band!

March 13. Margery Ellis tries to coast down stairs. Verdie 'fesses up. Helen Kull and Margery get locked in school building because of their industriousness. Lorraine gets a "stubbed toe."

March 14. High school sings "I was Seeing Nellie Home," at Miss Benney's request and "Nancy Lee,"—Mr. Boucher's favorite. Edwin Szold tries to sleep but Mr. Jessee rouses him from slumber.

March 15. Seniors give quotations in honor of Lowell.

March 16. Mr. Jessee, Mr. Shafer and the team leave for Bloomington.

March 17. The "Top of the Mornin' to Ye." Niles' green tie wins first prize. Centennial Program given in honor of the Pioneer Mothers.

March 18. Valpo is defeated in the tournament at Bloomington. Many tears and sighs.

March 20. The Senior Class delightfully entertained by the Misses Kathryn Kirkpatrick, Margaret Campbell, Irene McWhinney and LeeElla Steward.

March 21. Mr. Jessee tells of the trip to Bloomington.

March 22. Dr. Evans speaks in Chapel. John Shatz has a hair cut.

March 23. Dr. Gelston gives us an interesting talk. Mr. Jessee again tries to better our environment by changing some seats.

March 24. Spring fever is spreading. Domestic Art girls have a spread. Mr. and Mrs. Boucher entertain the Seniors at Schelling's. Mary Pickford 2nd, loses her curls.

March 27. Seniors exhibit their ability to write short stories. John Shatz wants to know what **girl** (Allan Nelson) wrote that mushy story about him.

March 28. Mr. Jessee speaks on, "Am I My Brother's Keeper."

March 29. Earl Mavity tells of his trip to Bloomington. Miss Benney gives a new definition of "love."

March 31. Paul swallows his gum rather than give it to Mr. Shafer.

April 1. April Fool! Too bad it was Saturday.

April 3. Kenyon has a new Easter suit.

April 4. The First Grade from the Gardner school sings for us. Who put the frog in Kathryn's pocket?

April 5. Deforest Muster orates on "Civil Service." Oliver Loomis is honored with a front seat. Helen Dean gets a ball from a grade boy. Another dog visits the Assembly Room.

April 6. Mr. Boucher has a hair cut.

April 10. The physics class goes to the Grand Trunk tracks to measure the velocity of sound. Seniors write some more poetry.

April 11. Punk Morthland has a pair of new white shoes.

April 12. English IV class entertains us with quotations from Shakespeare. Alma breaks the deathlike (?) silence of the study period by dropping Webster's dictionary.

April 13. Mr. Shafer and Francis Gast exhibit their musical ability.

April 14. School is dismissed for one day. Seniors and faculty go to Chicago. Examinations!!!!!

April 18. Dr. Bassett speaks on "Habits."

April 19. Mr. Boucher on "Overcome Evil With Good."

April 21. English V gives program in honor of Arbor Day.

April 25. Mr. Jessee tells of his visit to the Chicago schools. Don Herrick exhibits his musical ability in physics.

April 26. High School orchestra performs. Also Helen Dean and Frances Powers give us a vocal duet. Paul gives a "brief" book report.

ALMA CURTIS.

Prof. Shafer: "Joseph, will you please take the seventh problem."

Joe H. (after much hesitation): "Well, I'll read it for you."

* * *

Miss Benny (in English eight): "Archie, I wish you would get rid of that silly grin."

Archie K.: "I can't, it won't come off."

* * *

Helen Dean (in typewriting): "Did you get a perfect copy to-day?"

LeeElla S.: "Yes, I had to erase only six times."

* * *

Prof. Shafer (in Physics): To every action there is an opposite and equal reaction. That is to say, if a man should jump out of the window to the ground, the earth would tend to bound back in proportion to the weight of the man. However, since the weight of a man is so very small in proportion to that of the earth, we do not notice the reaction.

Charles R.: If all the people on the earth would get in a mass on one side of the earth, and get upon a platform above the earth and then all jump together, would the earth bound back?

Prof. Shafer: "Now Charles."

Class: Applause—(much laughter.)

* * *

Librarian (to a V. H. S. student): "What can I do for you?"

Pupil of Miss Benney's: "I'd like something on Oliver Windmill Holmes."

* * *

Joseph H. (after Physics class): "I fooled you to-day, didn't I?"

Prof. Shafer: "How's that?"

Joe: "Why, you asked me a question and I answered it."

* * *

Miss Benney (in English eight): "Irene, what is the setting of Evangeline?"

Irene Mc.: "It happened in Acadia, but I don't know the time."

Herman M. (waking up suddenly) "Ten minutes after eleven."

Tommy had been sent home by his teacher to get washed, as he had a very disagreeable odor about him. In a short time he returned triumphantly to the school bearing this note from his indignant mother:

"dere techer
tomy ain't no rose. don't smell 'im, lern 'im.
respecfulee
missus Guido."

* * *

Miss Welty (in Latin): "Harold, please give me a Latin sentence containing the word "girl".

Harold N. (after much hesitation): "The 'Puella' swims."

* * *

Coral R. (Reading recipes in Domestic Science to Margaret H., who was very absently copying them at Coral's dictation): "Two cups sawdust, two quarts worms, one gallon garbage, forty-six rotten apples well soaked in kerosene, (pause): "Have you got it all down?"

Margaret: "Yes, I guess so."

Coral: "Well, how did it taste?"

* * *

One day in the chemistry laboratory a girl in a green waist was working at one side of a table while opposite her was a person who was not working at all, but was watching the girl.

The instructor finally came around and addressing the idle one said, "Get to work and quit watching."

The boy answered, "Green is good for the eyes."

To which the instructor replied, "Then get a mirror."

* * *

Mr. Shafer: "Florence, where is the tear gland situated?"

Florence W.: "Above the eye on the off side of the nose."

* * *

Helen Mc. (speaking of her picture proofs): "Do you know that good looking people take the worst pictures?"

Margaret A.: "Yes, that's me."

* * *

Coit D.: "Say Fred, but you're witty."

Frederic A.: "Yes, but the person who wrote "Snow Bound" was Whittier."

* * *

A member of the Virgil class reading about the "boss" of a shield called it "cow." The others in the class laughed. Then the one reading said in an aggrieved voice, "I looked in the vocabulary and found that the word meant "boss," so I thought "cow" would be just as good; but, call it "boss" if you want to."

* * *

Gid (complaining about his oration): "I can't write it."

Miss Benney: "Now Clarence, I never knew that you were deficient in mental ability."

Gid.: "Well, I've "put one over" you then.

* * *

A bee flew out about its work,
And many things did tackle;
It stung a dog and then a cow
And made a rooster cackle.
It lit upon a Freshman's head
Intending to bring great pain,
But there it found that all its work
Was going to be in vain.
The angry bee backed up and pushed,
Pushed harder than it should,
For there it broke its stinger
In a head of solid wood.

* * *

One Saturday in Chicago, as we were taking a short stroll, I said to my companion:

"Why are all those baby cabs lined up and down the street?"

Ray S.: Why, they are waiting for the "Birth of a Nation."

* * *

Prof. Shafer: "If the fish that lived at the bottom of the sea were to come to the surface, their eyes would pop out of their heads."

Loring C.: "Aw, tell us another one."

Prof. Shafer: "Oh, of course they wouldn't pop out with such force as to knock a hole in the bottom of a ship."

* * *

Miss Reynolds (in English): "Personification is a figure of speech in which an inanimate object or abstract idea is represented as a personality endowed with personal attributes; as, in speaking of a train as "she."

Freshie: "Well, what would you call a mail train then?"

* * *

Freshie: "Say, when do these exclamatory contests take place?"

John S. (in Physics): "Then the operator at Chicago, goes through the relay and sounder at New York?"

Prof. Shafer: "No John, the operator stays at Chicago."

* * *

Miss Reynolds (in History): "Bob, will you please answer the next question?"

Bob W. (after reading the question): "Er,—ah,—(the bell rings) Well, I'll tell you to-morrow."

* * *

Prof. Shafer (in Chemistry): "I can't say just now what compound would be formed."

Herman M. (with sagacity): "Possibly it would be a little cobalt of antimony."

* * *

Miss Benney (classifying dramas): The "Silent Woman?"

Charles R.: "That was a comedy, wasn't it?"

* * *

Prof. Shafer (in Physics): "Newton's Law says every body in the universe attracts every other body with a force directly proportional to the product of the masses. That's why a ball hits the earth when you drop it."

Herman M.: "Does the earth jump up to meet it?"

* * *

Where Was He??????

Charles had just heard that the world was coming to an end on June third. Charles was scared so he climbed up on a hay stack to wait and fell asleep. Pretty soon Gid and Heinie came along and set fire to the hay stack.

Charles awoke with the flames all around him and exclaimed, "This is just where I expected to be."

* * *

Paul F. (in English): "I couldn't get that work over at the Library, for to-day."

Miss Benney: "But Paul, you didn't get the original work for to-day either.

Paul: "Nobody home either place."

* * *

Miss Reynolds: "Edwin, why did Achilles weep upon the shore when he was talking with his mother?"

Edwin S.: "Because he inherited it from his mother, who was a goddess of the water."

A Real Joke.

Herman Farris and Gretchen Specht at the Leap Year Party.

Paul Findling and Helen Dean at the same party.

Joe Horn and the "Pork Barrel."

Coit and Leone in their daily stroll to College Hill.

"Goldie Gardner" a member of the "skunk hunter's association."

Miss Young playing the part of "Poor Pussy" at a Senior party.

Miss Benney's Leap Year proposal written at the Senior party.

Frances and Charles at Schelling's Saturday night.

Allan Nelson's drawings on the Assembly Room board.

Loring Casbon giving a long quotation.

Of course there are many more "Jokes" in the high school, but these, I believe, are the most prominent. (EXCUSE ME, I forgot Archie.)

* * *

Miss Reynolds (asking questions on "Silas Marner"): "How would modern means of communication have foiled Godfrey Cass in his attempt to keep his marriage secret?"

Mary Arden: "His marriage license would have been published in the paper."

* * *

Prof. Shafer: "What did you say, Irene?"

Irene Mc.: "Nothing."

Prof. Shafer: "As usual."

* * *

Mr. Jessee (when photographer complimented him on the beauty of the Assembly Room): "So, you see, it's not only my own personal appearance."

* * *

Miss Young (in Commercial Arith.): "Add 4, 6, 9, 7, 3, 5, 2."

Charles R. (in deep thought???): "Line's busy."

* * *

Mr. Boucher (in Commercial Arith.): "Let's hear the next problem."

Wesley H.: "I worked the wrong one."

Mr. B.: "Well, let's hear the wrong one, then."

Wes.: "It isn't right."

* * *

Miss Reynolds: "William, give a current event on the war."

Bill S.: "I'm neutral."

Miss Benney: "This piece of lace is more than fifty years old."

LeeElla S.: "It's beautiful. Did you make it yourself?"

* * *

Miss Welty: "All extremely bright boys are conceited, anyway."

Jason R.: Oh, I don't know! I'm not."

* * *

Archie K.: "You ought to play the violin, LeeElla."

LeeElla S.: "Why?"

Archie: "Oh, it would give your chin a rest."

* * *

Mr. Shafer (in physics): "If rain falls does it ever get up again?"

Louis S.: Of course, in dew time."

* * *

Miss Benney (in English): "Let's see, what could you give for morning exercises?"

Herman M.: "Charles might give an essay on "Sarcasm."

Charles R.: Let Herman give one on "Fashion."

* * *

Prof. S. (to Paul F. reporting for practice): I see you are early of late. You used to be behind before and now you are first at last.

* * *

Prof. B. (in Geom.): "What is a parallelogram?"

Laura H.: "A parallelogram is a figure whose sides are parallel."

Prof. B.: "I am a figure. Are my sides parallel?"

* * *

If a man's success in life is judged by his walk, how successful would "Pokey" S. be?

* * *

Prof. S.: "As one goes higher up on a mountain it gets colder."

Freshie: I always thought that it would get warmer."

Prof. S.: "Why did you think that?"

Freshie: "I thought that the mountain ranges kept it warm."

* * *

Mr. Boucher: "Archie, what's that angle?"

Archie K.: "That's an obtuse angle."

Mr. B. (disgustedly): "Why, that's a—cutest angle I ever saw."

At the Junior weenie roast, Helen W. (looking at her watch): "Eight twenty-five."

Freddie A.: "Ate twenty-five! Why, I only ate three."

* * *

Mr. B.: "Earl, what is the locus of my head as I walk from the desk to the door?"

Earl Sherwood: "A circle."

* * *

Earl M.: "Miss Young, I propose——"

Miss Young: "Oh Earl! this is so sudden."

Earl: "Wait till I finish. I propose that the Bookkeeping class buy you a Ford to travel around in, in Bookkeeping."

* * *

Mike Farris spells Cinderella, Cylinderella.

* * *

Little Mary Pickford, don't you see,
Is none other than Kathleen Dee.
If she's a flirt, 'tain't her fault
She's just trying to be a Mrs. Galt.

* * *

Miss Reynolds (in English): Do not write more than ten lines for your composition.

Edwin S.: That's too small a scope for my genius.

* * *

Esther C. (in Zoology): The camel feeds on the plants of the desert.

* * *

Helen D.: "I should like a straw for this lemonade."

Waiter (hard of hearing): "Hey?"

Helen: "No, straw, I said."

* * *

Lorraine H.: "What are you writing your oration on, Raymond?"

Raymond Shurr: "A high school course."

Lorraine: "A high school corpse?"

* * *

Prof. S.: Paris Green will kill cut worms, canker worms and many others.

Irene B.: "Will it kill tape worms?"

* * *

When they were singing "I was Seeing Nellie Home" at the Senior weenie roast, Irene Mc. said, "Is there any Nellie here? She's the only one that will be seen home. Lucky dog!"

Allen D. (in Physics): If oxygen is a gas, if hydrogen is a gas, and if water is H_2O, how does water get wet?

* * *

Jason R. (in Zoology): "The rhinoceros eats all night and early in the morning about twilight, he goes for water."

* * *

"She has the prettiest mouth in the world."

"Oh, I don't know, I'll put mine up against it any time."

* * *

Mr. B.: "What's a polygon?"

John Sievers: "A many sided figure."

Mr. B.: "No, you're all wrong. It's a dead parrot."

* * *

Miss Benney: "Name eleven of Shakespeare's plays."

Clarence G.: "Ten Nights in a Barroom" and "Macbeth."

* * *

Mr. Shafer (pointing to a figure on the board): "What is this?"

Mary E.: "A dirty finger."

* * *

Q: "What skins can be used for slippers but not for shoes?"

A: "Banana skins."

* * *

Prof. S.: "If a friend of yours should take a dose of bichloride of mercury, what would you administer?"

Deforest M. (after a moment of extreme and unusual silence): "Consolation to the friends and relatives."

* * *

Lillian T. (talking about the war): "How do you make a Maltese cross?"

Dolly H.: "Pull its tail, you boob."

* * *

Prof. S. (discussing light): "What is a prism?"

Gurdon H.: "A jail."

* * *

Q: Why is an oyster stew like the Fourth of July?

A: No good without crackers.

* * *

All those wishing to read a short article on aeroplanes, turn to the fly leaves of this book.

* * *

"What is a synonym for "irritating?"

"Woolen underwear."

Mr. B.: "What do I know about this problem?"

Max E.: "Nothing."

* * *

The train it is a wicked thing,
The engine smokes all day
And drags along the choo-choo cars,
And tanks up by the way.

* * *

Allen D.: "What was the noise I heard last night in the room next to mine?"

Andy: "That was me, falling asleep."

* * *

My kid sister, Jane, went to the dry goods store to buy some cloth to make her doll a dress.

"How much, Mr. Thomas?" she asked.

"Oh, I'll give it to you for a kiss."

"Charge it to sister Bessie, please," she said.

* * *

A school teacher once received a note like this: "Dear Mum: Please excuse Jonny to-day. He will not be at school. He is acting as timekeeper for his father. Last night you gave him this iximple, 'If a field is four miles square, how long will it take a man walking three miles an hour to walk two and a half times around it?' Johnny ain't no man, so we had to send his daddy. They left early this morning and my husband said they ought to be back late to-night, though it would be hard going. Dear Mum, please make the next problem ladies, as my husband can't afford to lose the day's work. Goodness knows I don't have no time to loaf, but I can spare a day off occasionally better than my husband can. Resp'y yrs. Mrs. Jones."

* * *

"Teapot": "What are Gretchen and Gladys quarreling about?"

Helen D.: Oh, it's one of those wireless quarrels, I guess."

T.: "Wireless quarrels? What do you mean?"

H.: "Oh, words over nothing."

* * *

Joe H., repeating a quotation, leaves out several lines.

Miss Benney: "Joe, you are skipping quite a few lines."

Joe: "Not any more than I have to."

Mr. B. (in Geom. after reading a few pages of a revised Geometry): "Would you like to study such a brief edition?"

Helen W. "Yes." Then she hid behind John Shatz.

Mr. B.: "Helen, when you make a remark like that, you will have to hide behind someone bigger than John."

* * *

Miss Benney (reading): "Coit, be still."

Coit D. (winding his Big Ben): "Me? I'm not making any noise. This is a good watch."

* * *

Lynet C.: "Silas Marner is interesting because the characters rise and fall so easily."

* * *

Irene Mc.: "Were you hurt very bad when you fell in the Valpo-LaPorte game at Gary?"

Clarence G.: "I didn't know anything."

Irene: "Did you hear the kids around you yelling, 'Give him air'.'

Gid: "No, did they?"

Irene: "Yes, you were lying right at my feet."

* * *

Prof. S.: Herman, name an occupation of the people of Porter County."

Mike M.: "They run a cider press south of town."

* * *

"Mike."

A yellow shirt in resplendent array,
Nose glasses in mourning for him,
Shoes pointed, with blacking on ever to stay
A Cady—Um, see the rim!
Suit carefully pressed (each day so they say)
And necktie, a nifty one (right);
Take all this with only a dudish, grand air
And you'll have what we Seniors call "Mike."

B. W.

* * *

Mr. S. (in reviews): "Why does Missouri stand at the head in raising mules?"

Wesley H.: "Because that is the only safe place to stand."

The Little Boy's Prayer.

Dear God, I need you awful bad;
I don't know what to do;
My papa's cross, my mama's sick,
I hain't no fren' but you,
Them keerless angels went and brung,
'Stid of the boy I ast,
A weenchy, teenchy baby girl—
I don't see how they dast!

Say God, I wish't you'd take her back—
She's jest as good as new;
Won't no one know she's secon'-hand,
But 'septin' me an' you;
An' pick a boy, dear God yourself,
The nicest in yer fold;
But please don't choose him quite so young—
I'd like him five years old.

S. M. TALBOT.

* * *

Allene H.: "Myrtle, where was I Wednesday night?"

Myrtle C.: "Why, I don't know."

A.: "Well, I remember I had something on."

* * *

That Cold.

Paul F. had a little cold
That started in his head,
And everywhere that Paul did go,
That cold was sure to spread.

It followed him to class one day,
(There wasn't any rule),
It made the kids all cough and sneeze
To have that cold in school.

Miss Benney tried to drive it out
She tried hard: but, ker choo!
It didn't do a bit of good
For alas, she caught it too.

A. T.

* * *

Miss Reynolds in English Two, was telling the story of Lot: "Lot was warned to take his wife and daughters and flee out of Sodom. Here are Lot and his daughters (showing a picture) with his wife just behind them; and there is Sodom in the background. Now has anyone a question before we go on?"

Kathleen D.: "Where is the flea?"

Prof. S. (in reviews): "What does your author say concerning St. Louis?"

Anna T.: "It's the capital of Minnesota."

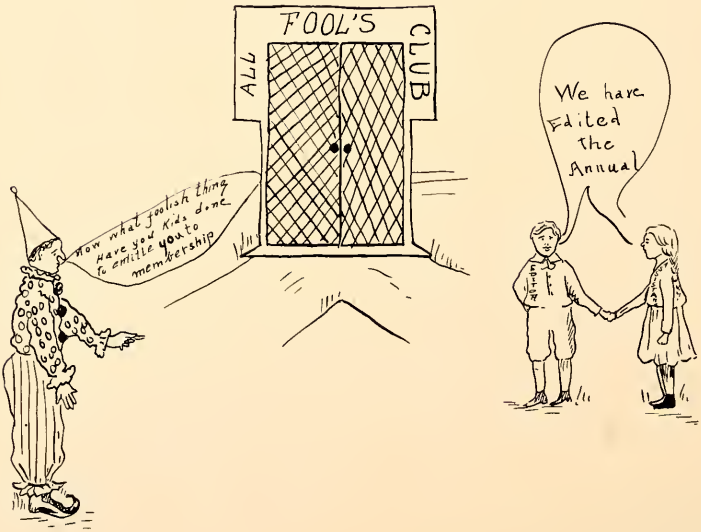
* * *

Crooked!

Once there was a crooked man
And he had a crooked groat;
He found a crooked candidate
Looking for a crooked vote.

They held a crooked 'lection,
Put through a crooked slate
And they all live together
In an awful crooked state.

THE CITIZEN.



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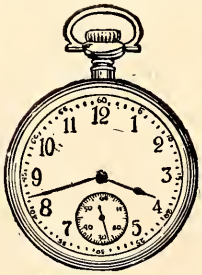

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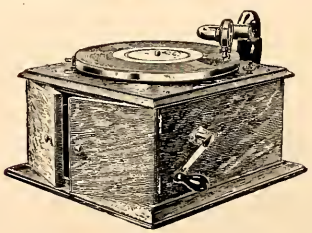

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